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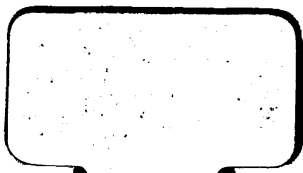
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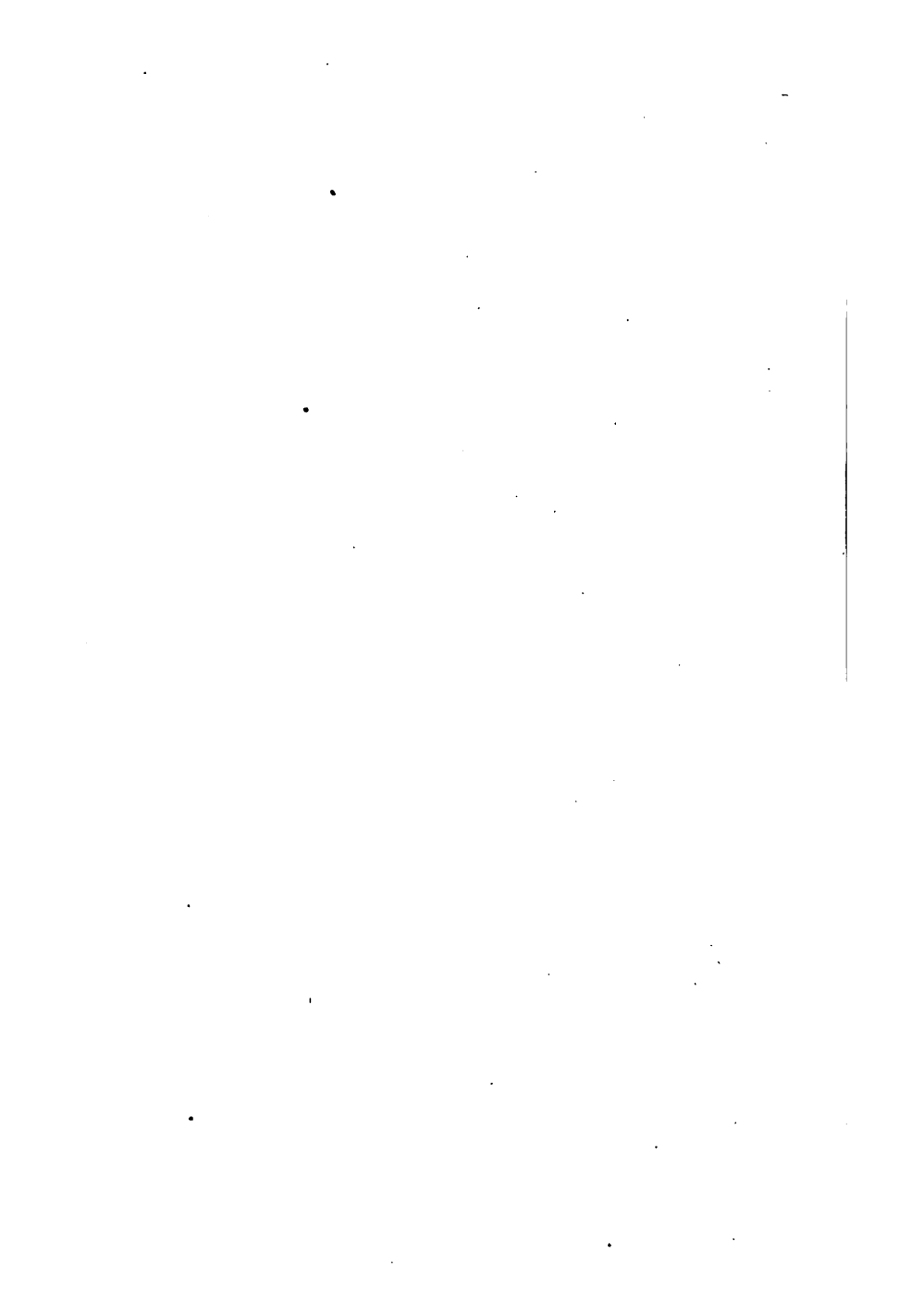
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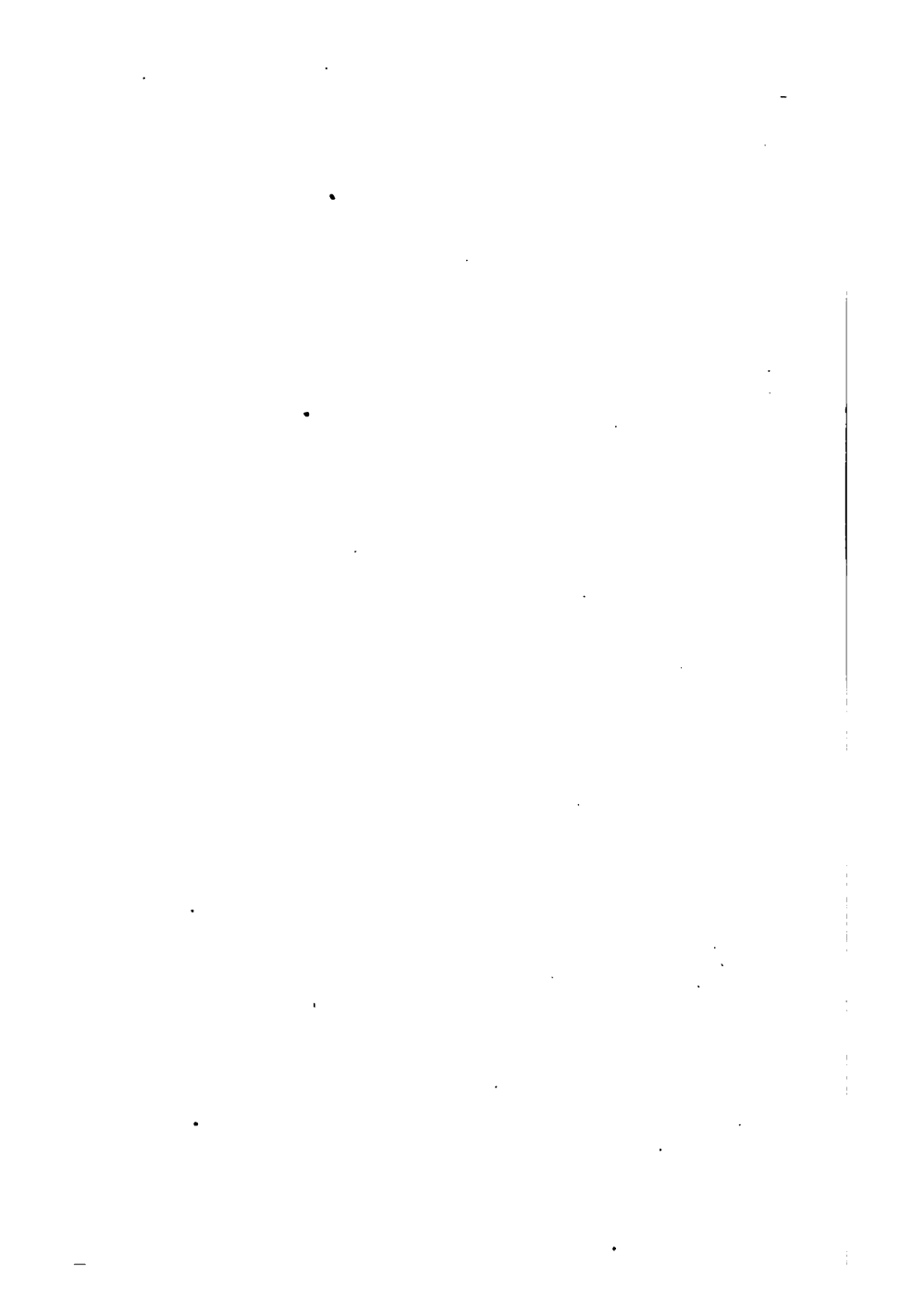
















*(Frontispiece).*

"BOAT AHoy!"





*(Frontispiece).*

"BOAT AHoy!"



# WATER PLANTAIN

Found in the Carolinas

WATER PLANTAIN

WATER PLANTAIN

WATER PLANTAIN  
WATER PLANTAIN  
WATER PLANTAIN

WATER PLANTAIN  
WATER PLANTAIN

1877.

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**Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury.**

# PETER PENGELLY;

OR,

"True as the Clock."

BY

J. JACKSON WRAY,

AUTHOR OF "NESTLETON MAGNA," "CHRONICLES OF CAPTAN CABIN," ETC.



London:

WESLEYAN METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,  
2, LUDGATE CIRCUS BUILDINGS;

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE,  
2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD; AND 66, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1877.

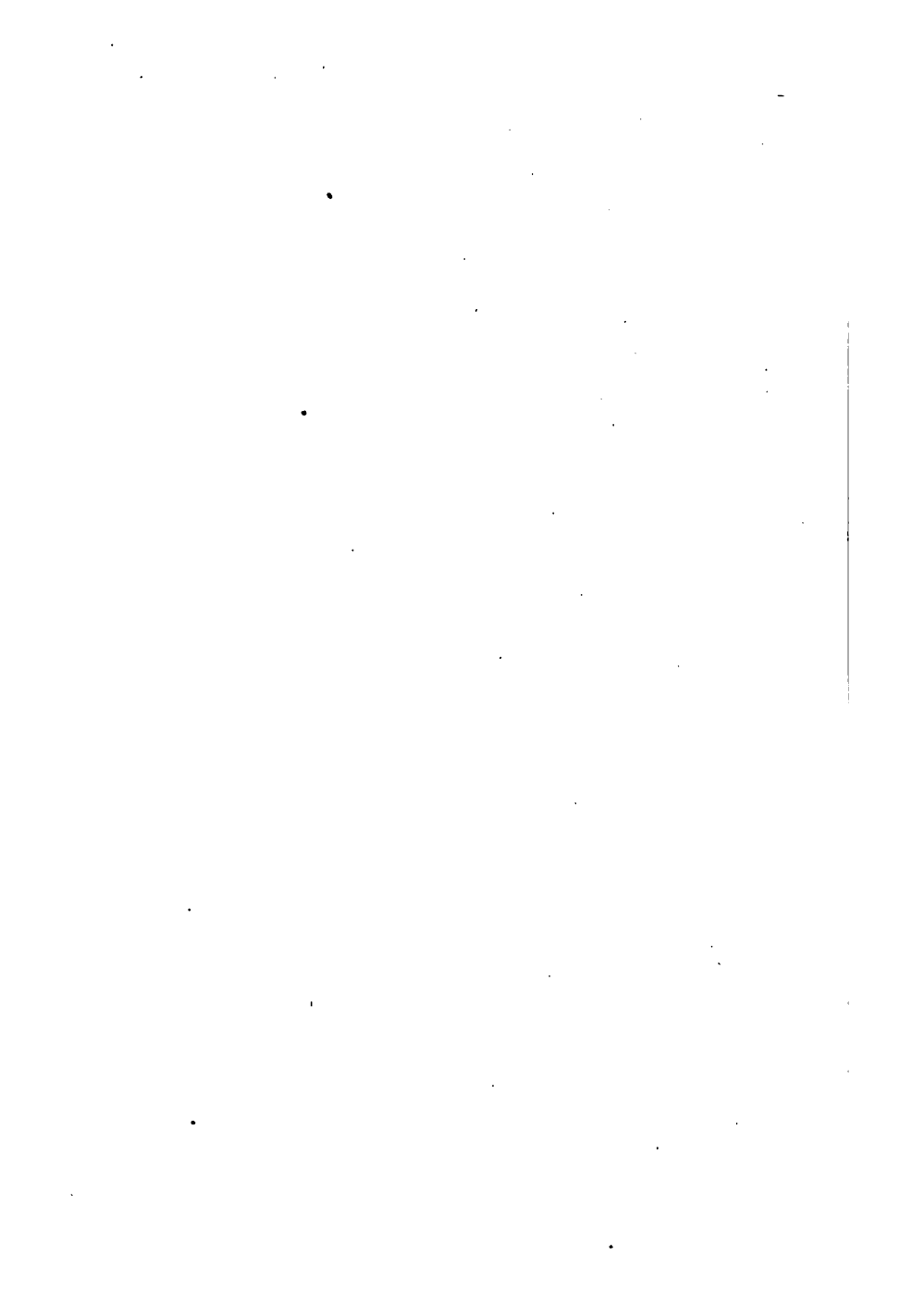
251. c. 657

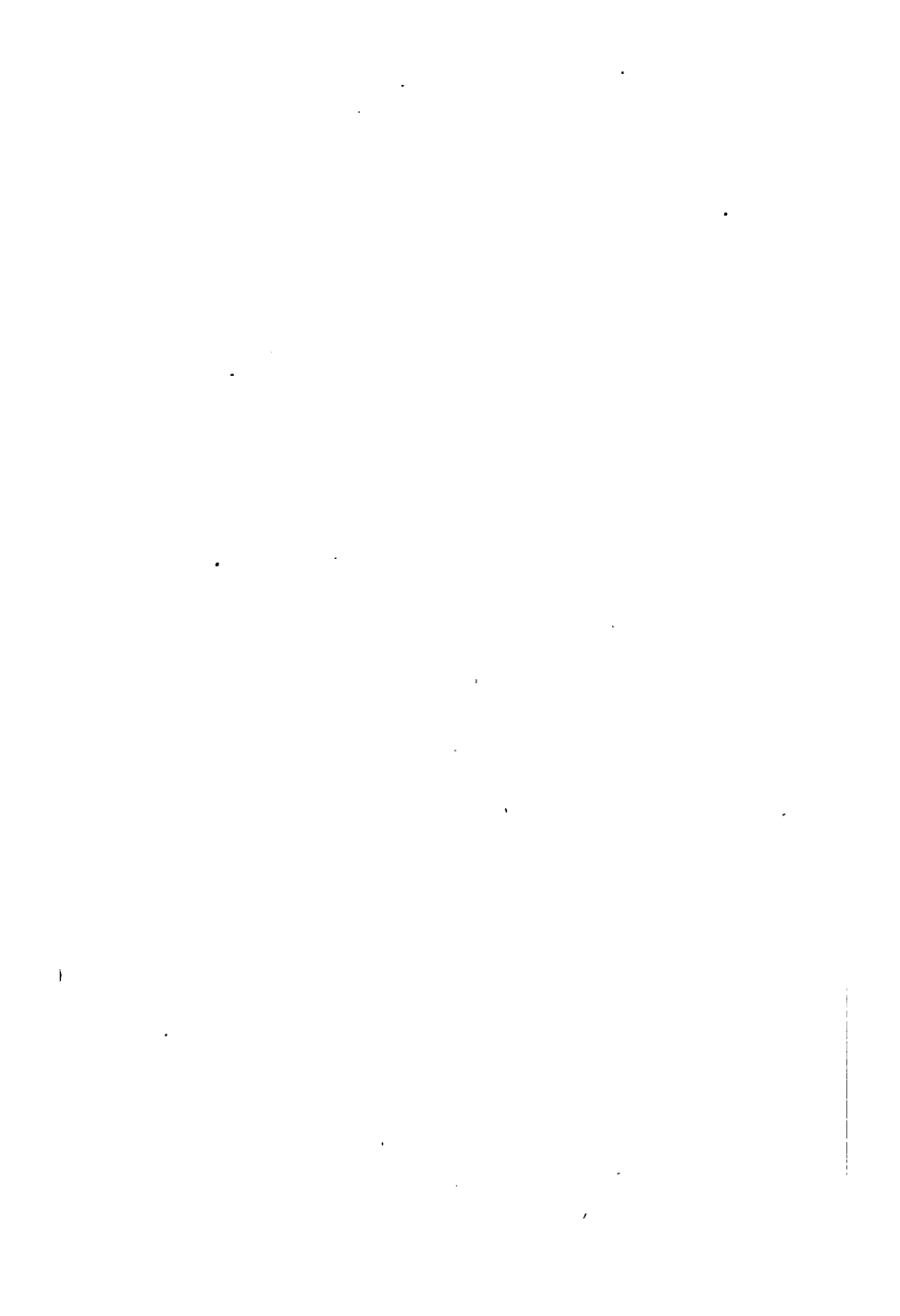


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(Frontispiece).

"BOAT AHoy!"



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13. 1944

clock's as cloudy as a November afternoon. There was a dead silence in the school, and every boy could hear the Yellow Dwarf ticking



away, "*Tick, tick, good boys are quick, being late's a sad trick.*"

"Go to your desk, sir," interposed the master, and remain behind when the others leave. You are always behind time!"

"He that's late, will have to wait,  
And still must stay, while others play."

Mr. Wallace was very particular about his scholars being in time, and never lost an opportunity of impressing on them the importance of punctuality. In fact, they used to call him "Old Punctuality." He had an odd way of making quaint couplets, like the one I have just mentioned, and repeating them in his scholars' ears, because he thought the simple rhyme might linger in their memories

and help them to retain the wise, good counsels he was always seeking to instil.

Peter Pengelly and Roger Moore sat side by side at the same desk. The two incidents, however, which I have just narrated, will show that there was one radical point of difference between them,—for while Peter was always “up to time,” Roger was always in the rear, and was always a few minutes late.

There are two little mountain rivulets in America which have their sources so near each other that for some distance they run side by side, and the removal of a very small obstacle would have made them run together right away to the sea. Instead of this, however, one runs southward, and becomes the mighty Mississippi, which flows into the Gulf of Mexico; the other winds its way to the westward, and pours its waters, as the Columbia river, into the Pacific Ocean. At the beginning they are close companions, at the end they are many thousand miles apart, and you have to cross high mountains, spacious valleys, broad rivers and wide-stretching plains in order to get from the one to the other.

I am going to sketch the history of these

two boys, and I want my readers to note that these youthful companions were only separated by "a point of time," and that as Punctual Peter went off to the right, Roger the Unready curved more and more to the left; and although, unlike the two rivers, they did meet again at last, they were still at as wide a distance as is the case with the Mississippi and the Columbia where each falls into the mighty sea.

Peter Pengelly's copy that morning was this: "To a wise man, minutes are diamonds." Having begun in time, with no need to hurry, and conscious of the master's approval, he was able to go about his work quite coolly and calmly, and when he took it up for the master's inspection, that good man said with a smile,—

"True, Peter. Use them well, and you'll be a diamond too."

Roger was hot and flurried, out of temper, out of spirits, and in disgrace; and so, as might be expected, his "copy" was copied very badly. It ran thus: "He who loses time finds trouble."

"Yes," said the master, as he looked at the



"TIME ENOUGH YET IS THE FOOL'S MOTTO" (p. 11).



sprawling letters, "and gives a deal of trouble to other people besides."

Then came an exercise in grammar, and Mr. Wallace read out the following sentence for parsing: "Time enough yet is the fool's motto." The last word but one fell to Roger Moore, and foolish enough the late scholar looked, as he felt how truly it fitted him.

"Fool's," quoth Roger, "common noun——"

"Very common," said the master, "more's the pity."

"Singular number——"

"That is to say, singularly numerous. Quite right," said the master. "Go on."

"Objective case," said Roger, who felt about as comfortable as a fly in an oven with the door shut.

"You must mean an 'object' in a pitiful case," said Mr. Wallace, who had small mercy on time-wasters. "Don't you see the apostrophe? What case is it, Master Pengelly?"

"Possessive case, sir," said Peter.

"To be sure. It is a pity to rob the fool of that, for he's likely to possess nothing else, you may depend on it, unless it be a jacket out at elbows and shoes out at toes."

"Parse 'motto,' " said the master to Master Ogden, who stood next.

"Common noun, singular number, neuter gender, governed by fools."

"Nay, nay," said Mr. Wallace; "you mean, that it governs them, and so they remain fools to the end of the chapter."

Then followed a lesson in arithmetic. Roger



Moore was in the Rule of Three, and this was the sum that Mr. Wallace wrote upon his slate:—If a boy is ten minutes late every morning and ten minutes late every afternoon, then, supposing

there are forty-six school weeks of five days each in the year, each day having six school hours, how much time does he lose in twelve months? There! If any of my readers are so foolish as to be late scholars, let them work out that sum, and I'll warrant it will rather astonish them.

"Ting, ting," goes the school clock striking



twelve; and away goes Peter Pengelly, bounding home like a hare, ever welcome to his loving mother, whose face was always lighted up with smiles to greet him, and the bright little face of the German clock smiled down on him, while its glib little pendulum threatened to wag itself to pieces as it said, "*Come in, Peter! Have some dinner,*" over and over again. Then, all the while he was at it, it was pegging away, "*Well done, Peter! Lots of dinner,*"—and altogether Peter was "right as a trivet," whatever that may be.

Half an hour afterwards, Roger Moore came home, and the grim old kitchen clock grinned at him through its queer carved brass face, and slowly tick-tacked, within its wooden case, "*Go late, come late, comes to sad fate,*" while his mother could only sigh and say, "O Roger, Roger! late again!"

Young ladies and gentlemen! I introduce to you Peter the Punctual and Roger the Unready. How the latter will fare my young readers will see by-and-by; how the former will succeed they may safely prophesy, if they remember that

"WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE."

## CHAPTER II.

"TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN."



MR. WALLACE, the head-master of the Woodville Grammar School, was, as I have already said, very strict in his management, and very exact in his ways; but he was a very kind and genial man for all that, and always found great delight in making things pleasant for the boys, and providing amusement as well as instruction. Thus it was that the scholars were gladdened by the announcement of a whole day's holiday and a sailing excursion up the Severn,—for the pretty

little town of Woodville was situated on the borders of that charming river.

All the lads were in high glee at the prospect of so pleasant an outing, and for some days before it they worked with a will, and even Roger Moore managed on several occasions to be up to time. The Yellow Dwarf by the schoolroom wall wore a perpetual gleam on his comical face, and had nothing to do but to tick, "*Well done, well done,*" all the day long. There were no defaulters to keep in after school hours, and the rod might just as well have been growing in a South Carolina canebrake, for all the work it had in Woodville Grammar School. But when a bad habit once gets fairly fixed, it will keep cropping up, some time or other; and even pleasure may be spoiled, as well as duty be neglected, by those who have got into the slipshod way of being a few minutes late.

At last the long-expected morning dawned for the trip to Barkleigh Cliffs. It *was* a morning, I can tell you! Just about the best pattern of a morning that the sunny summer-time can make. The sun shone into Peter Pengelly's little chamber, and its beams danced and

played on his face, as he lay with his chin just dipping beneath the snow-white coverlet, almost enough to tickle him awake. But though *they* did not manage it, a saucy little "blue-bottle" did. Hum-m-m, went Mr. Bluebottle as he sailed about the room; buzz-zz-zz, as he ran his head among the folds of the white



dimity curtains; and then he settled his pert little body on the very tip of Peter's nose. By this means my young gentleman was quickly fetched out of dreamland, and as he rubbed his eyes and wondered what time it

was, the jolly little German clock downstairs went ting, ting, ting, six times, as if it had been waiting for the question, and, as usual, lost no time in giving the information required.

Up jumped Peter, donned his clothes, went through his morning exercise of soap, water, and a rough towel, and knelt by his bed to

offer his morning praises to the Gracious Friend who had kept him safely through the night, his morning prayers for God's care and blessing through the day. That kind of thing, mind you, was the secret of all Peter Pengelly's love for truth and duty, the gentle obedience and good temper that so endeared him to the heart of his widowed mother, and made him to be loved and honoured by his teacher and the boys of Woodville Grammar School. Down he went to get the fire lighted and the breakfast ready for his mother. But, bless you, Mrs. Pengelly was already up and about, and the little kettle was cheerily singing on the fire. Why, you may be sure she was quite as glad about Peter's trip as he was. As she gave him his morning kiss, she said,—

“Here's a fine day for you, Peter! It couldn't have been better if it had been made on purpose.”

Peter couldn't help thinking that it *had* been made on purpose. Why shouldn't he? I believe that God's good Providence has a special care for all good and dutiful children. Try Him, boys and girls, and see. During breakfast, the widow and her son were merrily talking

about the sail up the river, about Barkleigh Castle, Barkleigh Cliffs, the Fairy Dell, and Purlsey Pool; as for that lively little German clock, it is a wonder it didn't wag its little tail off—"Fine day, Peter! Great fun, Peter! Run off, Peter!" It really seemed as though it needed a dose of soothing syrup to keep it from going into hysterics.

At half-past seven Peter did as the clock told him, and ran down to the riverside. There the barge lay, waiting to take on board a living cargo of jollity and fun. Mr. Wallace had announced on the previous day that the barge was bound to leave at eight o'clock, or else they would not be able to reach Barkleigh Cliffs, as the tide would only carry them so far up to a certain hour. Unless matters were managed with punctuality, the barge would run aground and the whole excursion would come to grief.

At the appointed moment over a hundred boys, all in high spirits and brimful of fun, were safe on board; Mr. Wallace and the teachers, too, had crossed the plank, and the chimes of the clock in the grey old church tower rung out on the clear morning air. The

silver chimes of Woodville church were celebrated for their music all round the shire. At certain periods they even played regular tunes, at others they chanted sweet and liquid chimes, very beautiful to hear. Peter Pengelly always liked to listen to them, and this morning they said, as plain as bells can speak,—

“Pleasure for Peter Pengelly !  
You’re in luck, Peter Pengelly !”

Then followed the loud strokes of the “King,” as the biggest bell was called. I don’t know whether other people can hear what such big bells say when they strike the hour, but to me they always seem to say, “GONE! GONE! GONE!” so as to make me want to spend the next hour better than the one I have just lost for ever.

Roger Moore heard the “King’s” voice just as he was turning down the High Street. Whether it said “GONE!” to him or not, I can’t say; but it might well have done, for though he took to his heels and ran like a hare, he found the boat *gone*, and as the tide had carried it round a bend in the river, it was altogether lost to sight. Poor Roger had yet to learn that Time has wings, and that he who tries to overtake him runs a losing race. But

we must go back a little, and see how Roger the Unready managed to miss the boat. Three times on that morning had Mrs. Moore called him to get up, and each time had got a drowsy answer. First it was, "Yes, in a minute or two;" then it was, "I will directly;" and then a fretful and peevish, "Well, I'm going to;" but every time .

"Like the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,  
Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head."



Now, there was a little busy, bustling bluebottle careering round his chamber, too, as its brother or cousin had done in Peter's, and directly after he had spoken in that peevish and improper way to his mother, it settled on his cheek. His bad temper was still on him, and in a moment he aimed at Mr. Bluebottle such a smack as would have flattened him and no mistake; but you see he was, as usual, *a little*



*too late*; the frisky fly flitted away, and the cheek caught it instead. Now, I need not tell you that an ill-tempered blow always hurts more than a good-tempered one, even when they are equally hard; and so it came to pass that Roger's cheek blushed like a pink, and tingled for full five minutes after.

Master Roger was awake enough now, so he turned out of bed in a hurry and began to dress. But, somehow or other, all the buttons were wrong, and his neck-ribbon wouldn't come right. That troublesome bluebottle went humming and buzzing about; and so Roger, remembering his slap in the face, began to chase it round the room with murderous designs. But, you know, anybody in a temper cannot kill a bluebottle. It requires a steady hand and a quick eye, and temper as cool as a cucumber, to manage such a delicate business.

"Roger, *are* you coming to breakfast?" said his mother, quite tired out. Roger dropped a moment on his knees, and gabbled through his prayers, hardly giving himself time to say "Amen." I don't call that praying: do you? I call that wicked; and people who pray in that fashion might just as well spare

the trouble, for all the good they get by it. Whatever goes wrong after that need not surprise anybody. When Roger got down to breakfast, the old brass-faced kitchen clock looked as though it had got the jaundice, or as if it had been wound up with a dentist's tooth extractor, while the long pendulum kept up a sullen tick tack—"Too late, too late;" and too late he was, as we have already seen. "Time and tide will wait for no man,"—no, nor for boys either; he is the wise man who is true to the clock, or has five minutes to spare.

Now the river Severn, just above Woodville, pursues a very crooked and serpentine course, and after cutting one S after another through the green meadows, winds round until it comes to a place again not half a mile from the town. Roger Moore, who was a sensible fellow enough, with plenty of push, if you could only get it out, resolved to make another run for it, and by reaching that place before the barge did, repair his blunder and secure his holiday. Off he went, like a rabbit. As he left the town by the Ludlow road, the chimes of the tower clock chimed the quarter, and if Master Hind-

most had had any ears to hear, he might have heard them say,—

“Time and tide will wait for no man :  
Roger Moore’s a little slow man.”

And if he had taken the lesson to heart, it would have saved him a peck of trouble in after life. He reached the spot in time to see the tall mast of the barge gliding along between the trees on either bank; he was in time. “Boat ahoy!” shouted he; and the boys on board speedily descried him. “Hallo!” said they, “it’s *the late* Master Moore!” and good-naturedly asked Mr. Wallace to let him come on board.

“I don’t know about that,” said the sarcastic head-master; “I’m afraid he will make the barge go slowly, and, like a second Jonah, we shall have to throw him overboard or stick in the mud.”

By-and-by, however, he relented; turning the helm, the captain guided the boat to the bank. “Jump!” said he; and Roger Moore soon found himself, with no worse mishap than the loss of a button, on board the *Lovely Sally*. I say, with no worse mishap than the loss of a button, but you must bear in mind

that *that* is no trifle when you are out for a day's enjoyment, and no needle and thread within five miles of you. Master Roger missed many a ball at cricket, and "came a cropper" in many a game at leap-frog, for want of that particular button which fell into the Severn during that big jump from bank to deck. It



was one of those penalties which unpunctual people have to pay for being always a little behind-hand. In fact, you will find that most people who are always late are usually "a button short," and have

to come short of a good many things besides.

I shall not stop to tell you about the merry doings of the day: how some boys climbed to the top of Barkleigh Cliffs; how others gathered harebells, dogroses, and ladies' fingers in Fairy Dell; how others went a-fishing in Purlsey Pool; nor how Mr. Wallace took them over the ruins

of the old castle, and told them of John of Gaunt who built it, and of Oliver Cromwell who battered its walls with cannon shot. Suffice it to say that everybody crowded as much enjoyment into the day as he could comfortably carry, save and except Roger Moore, whose loss of an all-important button gave him a good deal of trouble.

About an hour before the time for returning home, Mr. Wallace met that luckless wight, and said,

“Roger Moore! I want you. I’m going to take *you* on board the

barge at once, for now that I have you I must keep you, or you will lose the boat again, as sure as you are born. ‘Late in, late out,’ you know; and I do not want you to lose any more buttons, or we shall have to take you home in separate pieces, for want of means to fasten you together.”



So Master Lagbehind had to kick his heels on deck until the happy party mustered for the return journey. It was a fine, still summer's evening; and as the barge floated with the tide down the river, the reddening sunlight lit up tree and meadow, hill and valley, with a soft and mellow glory. The boys passed the time in singing school songs, and their clear, full voices sounded all the more musical because of the silver stream on which they were gliding homeward. One of these songs was composed by Mr. Wallace, and I will give it you in full.

TAKE TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

Old Time, they say, who comes this way,  
Goes by with step so speedy,  
That if we would obtain the good,  
Of which the wise are greedy,  
We each must stand, with ready hand,  
To take the gift he brings us;  
For from his wings, the gift he brings,  
He bountifully flings us.

His head is bare, one lock of hair  
Above his brow is growing,  
To teach us how to seize him now,  
As past us he is going;  
Warn'd by the clock, then grasp his lock,  
For when he once has roll'd by,  
So smooth his pate, who comes too late,  
Can nothing find to hold by.

Tide ebbs and flows, Time comes and goes,  
Their speed there's no abating ;  
Nor time nor tide may be defied,  
They will not be kept waiting ;  
Then haste away ! and do to-day  
Your duty, prompt and thorough,  
For time well spent brings sweet content,  
And fears not for to-morrow.

Then be exact in every act,  
Use wisely every minute,  
So, one by one, as Time runs on,  
Will bring a blessing in it ;  
And then at last, when time is past,  
And death concludes the story,  
And time is gone, a glad " Well done,"  
Will ope the gates of glory.

No sooner did the *Lovely Sally* reach the quay, than the boys leaped on shore, gave three hearty cheers for Mr. Wallace, and then made the best of their way home: Peter Pengelly to tell the merry story to his mother, and Roger Moore to learn the lesson, if he is wise enough to do it, that

" TIME AND TIDE WILL WAIT FOR NO MAN."

## CHAPTER III.

"NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW WHAT YOU  
CAN DO TO-DAY."



THE Midsummer holidays were fast approaching, and the boys of Woodville Grammar School were busy enough; for an annual and public Examination was impending. This was a very serious busi-

ness, let me tell you. All the parents of the scholars, and all the gentlefolks in and around Woodville, were invited, and several important prizes were to be awarded to those who best deserved them. Every year some "old boy" who had made his mark in the world was



invited to preside and to distribute the prizes. Not seldom this was a Member of Parliament, a notable man of science, or a merchant prince; and on one occasion, at least, a Lord Chancellor had visited the school of his boyhood, and had handed over the prizes to the successful pupils, who were proud enough, you may depend upon it, to receive them from such illustrious hands.

Now, both Peter Pengelly and Roger Moore were hoping to be winners in the coming contest; but I want to know what use there is in "hoping," unless "trying" goes along with it; and not only trying, but, what is very much harder, the *keeping at it*, which is the key to all success. Roger Moore was naturally quick and clever: I don't mean quick in the sense of doing things quickly; I wish he had been. But he was possessed of an intellect clearer and more capable than common. The speed with which he could commit things to memory, the skill with which he could solve an equation or see through a knotty point of syntax, the deftness and art with which he could draw a map or sketch a model,—all this was really surprising. Peter Pengelly,

on the other hand, was rather slow of perception, and would often sit leaning his head on his hand, trying to bore his way through a thing that the clever Roger would have instinctively jumped through to a right conclusion. But here Roger's superiority ended. He was always so fitful and uncertain; now working away like a steam-engine, and then lazy and indifferent to a degree. His sad ignorance of the value of time led him to put off his lessons to the last moment; then, putting on a spurt, he could get them off in a twinkling. But, somehow or other, they would not stick; what was soon tucked in was equally soon tossed out again, not being able to resist the wear of intervening time and play. Peter Pengelly, on the contrary, had to plod in a very painstaking fashion; but he would never give up until he was thoroughly master of his task; then his mind and memory held it like a vice, and so, when it was wanted, there it was, labelled like a parcel, put and present, ready for delivery.

For several weeks before the all important day, a visitor to the Woodville Grammar School would have wondered at the amount

of steady study and patient perseverance which were brought to bear during school hours. The Yellow Dwarf suspended by the wall ticked steadily on, and his odd-looking face seemed to wear nothing but a broad grin of satisfaction as he overlooked the busy boys bending over their books. Even Roger the Unready managed for several days together to be up to time; and whenever he looked on the wall on such occasions, the old clock's printed eyebrows seemed to arch in pleased surprise, and, more than once, one eye was detected by Roger in the veritable act of winking; it might, however, be his own eye that was betrayed into an involuntary twitch at seeing the hands in such an unfamiliar position.

One evening Peter Pengelly was seated by the little round table in his mother's cottage, with his slate before him, poring over an unconscionably awkward problem in Euclid. His mother sat near him, knitting a pair of stockings for her son. The incessant click, click, click of the needles seemed to rouse in the little German timepiece a spirit of rivalry. Surely *he* was the only possessor of the patent-right of keeping time in *that* quarter, and he

was not going to be outdone in his own line,—not if he knew it; so at it they went. “Click, click, click,” quoth the needles; “tick, tick, tick,” quoth the clock; and all the while Peter’s head was bent over the slate, and Peter’s brain was puzzling over lines and circles.

“Draw a line C D to the point F. Describe the circle G F H to touch the point F, then the segment G F shall be equal.—No, that isn’t it! O dear!” said Peter, with a sigh, “it won’t come right!”

“O yes, it will,” said the mother, cheerily; “Mr. Euclid knew what he was about when he made it, and you’ll get at his meaning by-and-by. Take a turn in the garden for five minutes, and *then* come in and try.”

“Try, try, try,” clicked the nimble needles; “Try, try, try,” ticked the gallant little German; “Try, try, try,” throbbed in every vein of Peter’s heart, and a plucky little article it was, I can tell you. So to it he went again. Three straight lines down his forehead, teeth firmly shut, lips thrust a little forward, heels drawn a little further under his chair, eyes fixed on the slate as though he were boring a hole

with them ; if I had a photograph of him as he was just then, I would call it, "*The Prize is Sure.*"

Ten full minutes past, then five more. Click, click, click ! tick, tick, tick——

"There !" said Mrs. Pengelly, "I've finished your stockings."

"Ting, ting, ting," said the clock, with his hand on number nine.

"Hurrah ! Q. E. D. !" said Peter, writing the letters with a flourish that covered half his slate. "I've got it at last !"

"*Got it, got it, got it,*" said the perky German ; and "*got it*"

Peter had, safely packed in his mind, placed on the shelf of his memory, to be kept till called for, and a long time after.

"I told you so," said his mother, as she gave him his "good-night" kiss : "click, click, finished the stockings ; tick, tick, goes round the clock ; and peg, peg, pegging away,



will settle Euclid's business for him, or anybody's else, you may depend on it."

Off went Peter to his little chamber, humming,—

"Try, try ; tell me why,  
If others have done it, why mayn't I ?  
Do, do ! tell me who,  
If one can do it, can't make two,"

and was soon off and away in the "land of Nod."

That evening Roger Moore was engaged in the performance of some very curious gymnastics on the garden gate, when his mother called out,—

"Roger ! come in and get your lessons. It will soon be dark, and it's almost bedtime now."

"Oh, never mind, mother ; I have them half off before I look at them. Half an hour to-morrow morning will soon put them right, and then I shan't forget them when the class is called."

He might have added, "but I shall soon after," for what is gained without pains is easily lost. Roger's lessons were all written in his mind with lead pencil, and there was no need of India-rubber to rub them out.

Time did that with the brush of his wings. Next morning, spurred and coaxed by his mother, and really anxious to carry off the prize, Roger was up betimes, got his slate and books, and sat down for an hour's hard work. Scarcely had he begun when the canary, which was just getting its seed-trough replenished, flew out of the open cage, and through the open door.

"Roger! Roger! catch the canary!" said his mother, in a flurry; and off he went. The little songster wasn't very strong on the wing, but he man-



aged to hop and flutter from bush to bush, and to avoid capture so long, that it was a full half-hour before he was safely housed within his prison bars. Roger was hot and flustered, and he might as well have tried to eat his slate as to work out the problem he had drawn. So he went off to school, hoping

to have time to do it there. He heartily wished he had attended to his lessons last night, but last night's chance was gone for ever. "O Roger, Roger," say I,—“never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.”

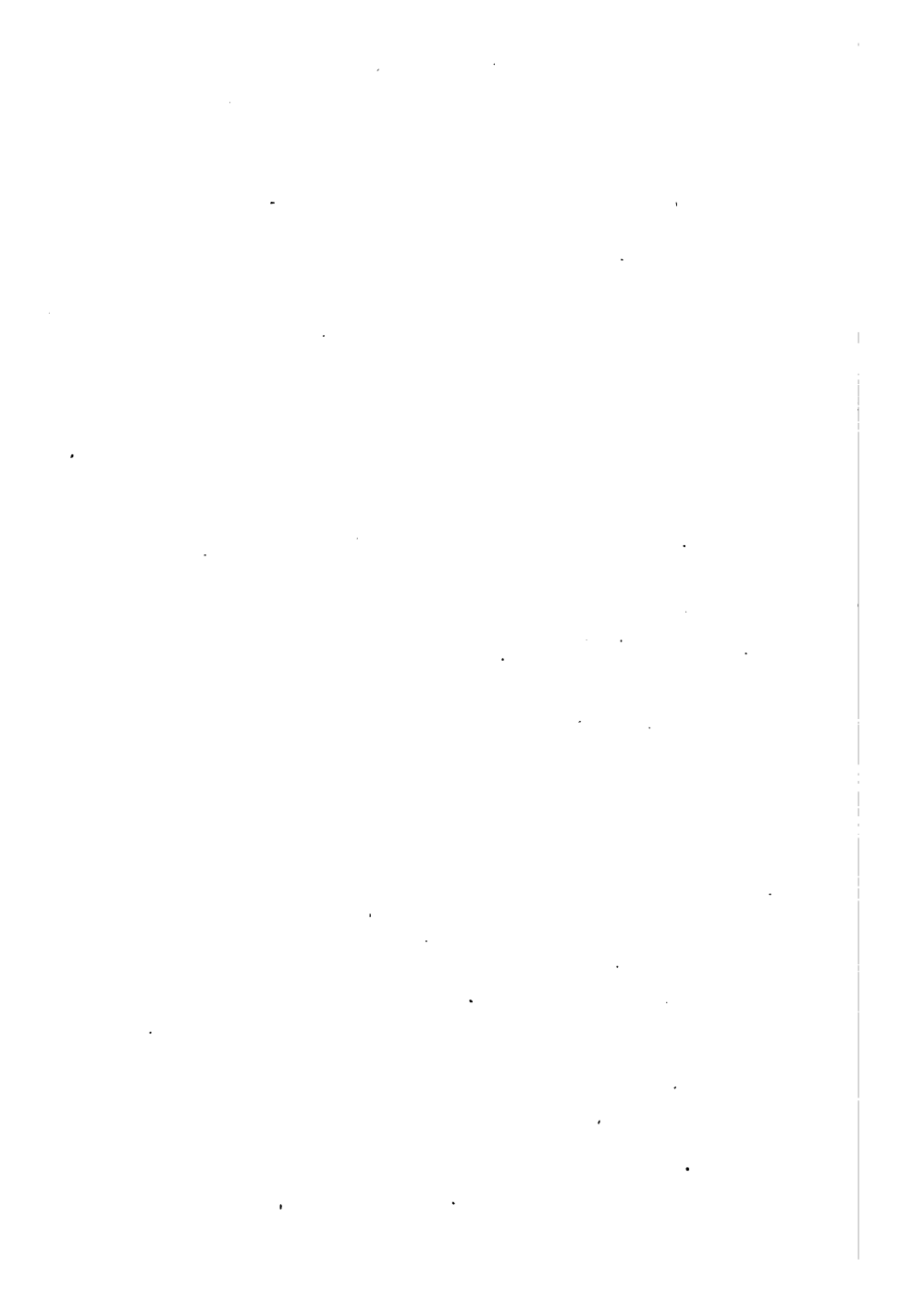
At length the grand Examination day came round, and Woodville Grammar School was crowded. I shall not trouble you with an account of the proceedings of the day; suffice it to say that Roger Moore obtained an illuminated certificate, which only proved that he could have distanced all competitors if he had fairly tried; and to Peter Pengelly fell the money prize of twenty pounds and the “Harcourt” silver medal, so called after the founder of the school, who had directed that it should be given every year to the boy who should gain the most marks at the Midsummer Examination.

Now, the gentleman who had consented to give the prizes was a certain Sir Simeon Sebright, an “old boy,” who had fought his way from the lowest form up to a high position as a wealthy and honourable English merchant, and was at that moment, and for the second time, filling the office of Mayor of North-





GIVING THE PRIZES (p. 39).



haven, from which port his ships sailed out to every quarter of the globe. He was a tall, handsome, white-haired old gentleman, and fully answered to his name; for nobody could see through a brighter pair of eyes than those which glistened and sparkled beneath the arched and snowy eyebrows which adorned his genial and attractive face. His address to the boys was uttered in short sentences, wise and witty, plain and pithy, that caught their attention, and deserved, every one of them, to be written in letters of gold.

“Boys!” said he, “now’s your time. What you get to-day with a thorough grip, a whole life of to-morrows won’t let slip. If you want to have a high-stepping horse, you must train the foal to lift his feet; and if you want to march through life with a high and honourable step, you must go through your paces now. A colt that always canters will find it hard to trot. The boy that takes life easily will find that life will take him hardly. Work hard while your chin’s smooth. It will smooth your way when your beard’s grown. Wherever you go, east or west, do your best; and whether you walk on highway or by-way, side-walk or

footpath, *keep to the right*; for right wrongs no man, but wrong leads right away to misery. Whatever you do, remember that time is precious. He who squanders minutes plays at 'ducks and drakes' with diamonds; and he who wastes his time spends his life in pouring water through a sieve. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, for to-day is yours, but to-morrow is nobody's. 'I'm doing it' made a fortune; 'I'm going to' went to the workhouse,—for 'the Street of By-and-By leads to the House of Never,' but the Street of Now's the Time leads to the Palace of Success, and a grander palace through that, which all may win who go to God to help them on the journey! He who loses an hour in the morning spends all the day in running after it, and might just as well try to catch his shadow. Hark to that clock! Tick, tick, tick, tick. What does it mean? Why, this,—those who go 'on tick' are sure to run down, and if the hand of charity doesn't wind them up again, they remain down to the end of the chapter. Never get into debt, for debt's an ogre and crunches bones; take care they are not yours. Credit is a grand thing, and the way to get

and keep it is—money down and a little back for change. Never waste your time, boys.

“He that makes time to do his turn of work shall find time to do his turn of play. Make good use of the time that is, and let those who choose maunder about the good time coming. Opportunities, like eggs, come one at a time; so it is better to pick them up at once, for fear of accidents, for Time comes that way, and he has a heavy foot. Procrastination says, ‘I wish I had.’ Punctuality says, ‘I’m glad I did;’ and there’s a world of difference in their tones, you may depend on it. Matthew Meal, the miller, heard the big wheel creaking in a dry socket. ‘I must have it oiled,’ said he, ‘to-morrow.’ That night the heated axle caught fire and burnt his mill down. Boys! you are young and hale and hearty. Buckle to and do your duty. Go in and win. Ask God to help you, and aim, every one of you, to be a MAN.”

The speech of the genial old gentleman was received with three hearty rounds of cheers, which it well deserved. Then Peter Pengelly came forward to receive the “Harcourt”

medal; and didn't he blush to have to face the crowd that cheered him! And didn't that good little mother of his blush with pride and pleasure, smiling through her tears at her boy who had so well and wisely learned to do "to-day the duty of to-day"! Sir Simeon said a



few wise and kindly words to the blushing hero of the day, handed him the purse, put the medal round his neck, and then called upon him, as the custom was, to give a recitation, by way

of returning thanks. Mr. Wallace had written it; Peter had committed it to memory. I don't think any boy will be the worse for reading it, and so I here append it, with the hope that my readers will take to heart the two proverbs which are made up by the capital letters.

## PETER'S VALEDICTORY.

**N**ow when youth is flying,  
**E**very moment hieing,—  
**V**ast the good and vital,—  
**E**arn a glad requital.  
**R**eigning comes by serving,  
**P**ressing on unswerving.  
**U**se well every minute,  
**T**oil is sure to win it.  
**O**lder growing, wiser.  
**F**olly's a despiser.  
**F**aith in God will aid thee,  
**T** rue to Him who made thee.  
**I**n the spring-time pleasant,  
**L**earn to use the present.  
**L**aggards say, "To-morrow":  
"Trouble, pain, and sorrow."  
**O**ft will ease allure thee;  
**M**any will assure thee;  
**O**ffer strong resistance;  
**R**uin in the distance.  
**R**ally all thy forces,  
**O**ut of youth's resources.  
**W**ages, sin may offer;  
**W**aive the lying proffer.  
**H**e that in to-morrow—  
**A**ll that he may borrow,  
**T**o the House of Never,  
**C**oaxes fools for ever;  
**A**utumn's wealth of mowing,  
**N**ever comes, but sowing.  
**B**oys! we, too, are sowing,—  
**E**ndless crops are growing  
**D**ig the fertile fallow,  
**O**ur God will hallow  
**N**e'er from right receding;  
**E**mmanuel is leading;  
**T**ravel on the highway,  
**O**n each pleasant by-way,  
**D**uty here complete, boys,  
**A**t the golden street, boys,  
**Y**ou and I shall meet, boys.

**T**ask the season well.  
**H**as a tale to tell.  
**E**arly years contain:  
**S**erve, that you may reign.  
**T**riumph comes by fight;  
**R**un thy race aright.  
**E**ffort gains the prize;  
**E**ase as sure denies.  
**T**ry to be. I trow  
**O**f the golden now.  
**F**aith will make thee strong;  
**B**e at war with wrong.  
**Y**outh's auspicious day,  
**A**sk of God the way.  
"Nay," says wisdom, "Nay;"  
"Double by delay."  
**B**e not caught with guile.  
**Y**outh may wait awhile.  
**E**re too late it be;  
**L**ies in wait for thee.  
**E**very hour employ:  
**A**ge receives its joy.  
**D**eath, it has to give;  
**S**erve the Lord and live.  
**T**rusts, and wastes to-day,  
**O**wes and can't repay.  
**T**he Street of By-and-by.—  
**H**oodwink'd till they die.  
**E**xcellence of store,  
**H**ad been done before.  
**O**nward as we go;  
**U**p for weal or woe.  
**S**ow the golden seed,  
**E**very earnest deed.  
**O**nward every one.  
**F**ollow bravely on!  
**N**ever turn aside.  
**E**rror is the guide.  
**V**irtue's pathway trod;  
**E**nds the thorny road—  
**R**ound the Throne of God.

The happy winner of the "honours" went home with his equally happy mother. Roger Moore was sorely disappointed; but what could he expect who was always procrastinating? Probably he would have succeeded had he acted on the wise old proverb,

"NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW WHAT CAN BE.  
DONE TO-DAY."





## CHAPTER IV.

“HE THAT STAYS IN THE VALLEY WILL NEVER GET  
OVER THE HILL.”



THAT'S true, boys, you may depend upon it. You may talk about going over it; you may resolve to surmount it; you may look eagerly at it; you may plan what you will do when you are on the

other side of it; but unless you fairly make a start and mount the slope, you will never cross the ridge, and never pitch your tent in the desirable valley which lies on the other side. Now, this was Roger Moore's difficulty. He was such a poor hand at making a beginning.

He knew well enough that his foolish and even wicked habit of "putting off"—for I dare not speak lightly of it, as a mere weakness or a fault—would hinder him from climbing to prosperity and success; and at times he made up his mind that he would master his besetting sin, and promptly "do to-day the duty of the day." But I am sorry to say that when his mind was "made up," it soon fell to pieces again. I am afraid he never felt how wise it is to get upon one's knees and ask help from Heaven. I know that that is the only way that I can manage to keep my good resolves and do my duty; and I know, too, that the Bible tells me that without asking for God's help I am sure to fail. Roger was a capital hand at intending; but when it came to wending, he was as slow as a snail crawling over sawdust,—nay, slower, for the snail will keep on trying, but something always hindered him from making a start. So he kept dawdling on this side the hill, though duty and success beckoned him to be up and doing.

I forget whether I told you that Roger's mother was the widow of an engine-driver on the Great Southern Railway. He, poor fellow,

had lost his life in a collision, which had done no end of damage and had been fatal to many lives. A train which was much behind its time had run into his own at a crossing which ought to have been cleared full half an hour before. You see, this dreadful habit of unpunctuality works a world of mischief wherever it is found. The Railway Company did what they could to compensate her for her sad bereavement, by allowing her a small pension, and this, together with the proceeds of a life-insurance policy, enabled her to live a little above the straits of actual poverty, to provide for Roger's education, and to put him apprentice, when he was old enough, to some useful trade. There had been a time when the good woman would have persuaded her husband not to pay the annual premium, as the life-insurance money is called, for it made a great hole in his weekly wages; but he used to say, like a prudent man as he was, "Nay, nay, Sally. Life's uncertain; it's a good thing to lay up for a rainy day; we'll make to-day serve to-morrow, an' then to-morrow 'll be served, even if it can't serve itself. It's a poor spring-time that can't grow winter corn." Now that she

was a widow and Roger an orphan, the ten shillings a week that the policy brought in made her very thankful that her thoughtful husband hadn't followed her weak advice.

Well, as I told you before, the Midsummer Examination was over, and the time had come when both Roger and Peter had to leave school and get into the way of earning a livelihood for themselves. Roger had a great desire to be a draper; and it so happened that Mr. Faulkner, who kept one of the largest shops in High Street, was in want of an apprentice, so when Roger's mother applied for the place, he consented to take him awhile on trial,—to see, as he said, whether the boy was “likely to suit.”

Now, let me tell you, that boys that are “likely to suit” are in very great demand. I know many men of business who would do almost anything and go almost anywhere to get hold of such a very desirable article. A good, quick, clever lad just entering on his teens, is a prize in the market, and there is not one youthful reader of this little story who may not, if he will and if he try, be to any employer worth his weight in gold. Roger

Moore was a clever lad, and I am willing to confess that there were the makings of a capital fellow in him. But—— O those *buts* ! they are like the specks in a peach, which spread decay from skin to rind ; or like a little hole in a bucket, which will drain it dry, though the hole isn't big enough to poke a skewer through ! Roger was altogether ignorant of the value of time. The silly lad had enlisted into the regiment of Laggards, under the command of Captain Wait-a-bit, which always manages to get to the field of battle "the day after the fight." I suppose that's why they call it the *late* brigade: or is it the "heavy" brigade? Never mind; either will do, if you read it right. They are well up in that part of the drill which bids them "stand-at-ease," but they know no more about "quick-march" than an ass knows of algebra or a mule of mathematics.

Mr. Faulkner was a lively little man with a pair of keen little eyes, a bald and shining head, well shaven cheek and chin, and a pair of hands that could not be still for the life of them. They were always either putting his neckcloth right, or fumbling with the seals of

his watch, which hung, in the true old style, from a fob in his nether garments, or engaged in pantomimic action to illustrate his talk, or serving a customer in deft and speedy fashion ; or else he was

“Washing his hands with invisible soap  
In imperceptible water.”



He had an odd way of speaking in a series of short, sharp, rapid jerks, in which articles, pronouns, and other little matters were left out for brevity,—though his habit of repeating his sentences made

it very questionable whether there was any ultimate saving of speech by that. He was always dressed in black, and was never seen in any other than a “swallow-tail” coat, either on Sunday or weekday. As for his hat, why, it is quite uncertain whether he ever wore one except on a Sunday, and then it was a tall,

high-crowned article, which almost doubled his natural height.

When Mrs. Moore and her son waited on him, to give the latter into the charge of his future master, the little man came skipping from behind the counter, rubbing the knuckles of one hand with the palm of the other, as he said,—

“’Morning, Mrs. Moore: brought boy, I see. ’Morning, boy: fine, sharp lad, ’can see. So, want to be a draper, eh? want to be a draper? Wrap up calico, measure off silk, yards of tape, pins, needles and thread, and all the rest of it,—all the rest of it, eh?”

Measuring off silk and yards of tape was quite in order, but Roger had certainly never dreamed of treating pins and needles in that fashion.

“Good morning, sir,” said Mrs. Moore; “yes, this is Roger, sir; and I sincerely hope——”

“Oh, Roger! is it? Roger. Well, my little codger, wouldn’t you rather be a sodger? Red coat, stripes, and cockade,—red coat, stripes, and cockade, eh?”

“No, sir,” said Roger, half afraid and

half amused; "I should like best to be a draper."

"That's right," said Mr. Faulkner, patting the boy's head; "that's right,—that's right! So you shall; and a brisk little counter-jumper you'll make, I dare say, I dare say. Only, mind one thing: be always up to time, Roger, *always up to time!* 'Morning, Mrs. Moore; expect him home to-night at 8.15 sharp."

"8.15 sharp" was said as though a box lid had been shut on a spring catch with no need of a second thrust, and it revealed one of the strongest peculiarities of the speaker. If possible, Mr. Faulkner was even more punctual than the clock. The sun itself and he had a sharp neck-and neck-contest as to which was the more exact.

If Roger had not hopelessly drifted into the kingdom of Behindhand, Mr. Faulkner was the very man to teach him to know and heed the "time of day." Whenever he had to mention any definite time, he always did it after the fashion of a railway time-table; and, as far as he was concerned, his time-keeping would put railway managers sadly to the blush.



Sometimes, for instance, a customer would say,—

“ You will send the parcel soon, Mr. Faulkner? ”

Out would come the big silver watch, with the dangling bunch of seals, and after making a rapid calculation, he would reply,—

“ Yes, ma’am, yes, ma’am. ’Shall be on doorstep at 11.25 ; 11.25 sharp ! ”

Because of this promptitude and punctuality, Mr. Faulkner’s establishment was conducted with the regularity of a machine. Everybody in Woodville knew that when the first stroke of eight boomed out from the old church tower, the first shutter of the shop was up before the sound had died away. Of course the opening of the shop was a matter of equal exactness, and if the first shutter wasn’t down before the first stroke of eight had sunk to silence, be sure that Francis Faulkner would want to know the reason why. Need I tell you that the busy and lively little draper had plenty of custom ? Somehow or other people will go, you may depend upon it, where they are quickly served, and where work is done, not promised, with despatch. So Mr. Faulkner’s shop was always full, and

the coin that fell into the counter till kept up incessant music all day long. Whether he had ever heard the old rhyming proverb I don't know, but he evidently understood its teaching,

“Where labour's swift, comes golden thrift ;  
Where labour lags, come empty bags ;  
What's well begun, is quickly done ;  
He suffers most, whose time is lost ;  
For I've been told, that time is gold.”

For the first day or two Roger did little else than look on, for, as Mr. Faulkner said, “First thing to do is to know where you are; look round about and see what's what.”

Roger was clever enough for that, and very soon took in the main features of the place. He noted where one shopman went for calico, and where another put back some silk, and that the particular drawer where the pearl buttons were placed had a green label on it. I tell you what, boys: it's a grand thing to be able to use your eyes well. Some people let their eyes go skipping about from this to that, and from that to the other, and cannot remember a single thing they've seen; others have an eye with a hook in it, and hang on till they have got a new idea or a new fact printed on the brain behind it for pleasant memory and for

future use. Now, Roger had taken note of what he saw, and during the dinner hour, as he was "taking care of the shop," he amused himself by wrapping up a sort of dummy parcel, to see if he could not imitate what he had seen the shopmen do before. While he was thus engaged, in popped Mr. Faulkner, for you never could be certain where his bright, bald pate would be bobbing up next. He used to say,—

"Master's eye should be here and there and yonder; yonder, there and here again, like a wooden horse in a merry-go-round."

There was very little of the "wooden horse" in him, however, though there was a good deal of the "merry," and of the "going round" there was a good deal more. Well, as I was saying, Mr. Faulkner spied Roger tying up his parcel.



“That’s the way, little man; what one does another may. Pack it up, tuck in the corners. There you are; now pack off and tuck in dinner. Half an hour to do it in: back at 1.15 sharp.”

Glad of this approval, and equally glad for the chance of dinner, away Roger went to the dining-room, and under the influence of the novelty of circumstances did the tucking-in business in twenty minutes, and was behind the counter again at five minutes past one. Strange to say, there was a slight shade of dissatisfaction on Mr. Faulkner’s face; but he passed out without speaking to Roger. He did speak to himself, however, and this is what he said,—

“Ten minutes to spare: punctuality’s soul of business. Better too soon than too late. Too late’s got no better about it. Best is up to time ex-act-ly, 1.15 sharp. Ten minutes too soon to-day; ten minutes too late to-morrow. True as the clock on Monday means true as the clock on Saturday. Sure and steady’s always ready. Too good to last.”

Roger soon found the regularity of business very irksome, and every day his loose ideas of

time got him a mild rebuke. He soon complained to his mother that "master was very fidgety." The fact was that a better or kinder master could not be found, and all his servants who had wisely fallen into his ways were happy and comfortable as could be. In vain his mother urged and coaxed him; Roger was sure he "shouldn't like." Before the week was out he peevishly resisted his mother's efforts to get him out of bed. When he did get up, all was hurry and bustle. His bread and butter nearly choked him, his coffee scalded him, and, unable to finish either, off he ran, with his jacket pitchforked on to his shoulders and one shoe partly laced, as fast as he could go. At last he stood panting and gasping on the doorstep five minutes late, when who should confront him but Mr. Faulkner !



"Hallos ! Master Moore," said he, with a frown, as he dangled his watch-chain with one hand and rubbed his bald head with the other; "Old Forelock and you have had a tussle, eh? Beaten you into fits, hasn't he? Puff like a porpoise, red as a turkey-cock, hot as a roast chestnut, and as brisk as a bottle of beer with the cork out; cork out for a week. How's this? how's this? "

"Pl-pl-ease, sir," gasped Roger, "I—I've been running."

"'Can see that, Roger Moore; but you've been *staying* first. That's the mischief; that's the mischief. 'Am afraid you won't suit. Slow first is slow last, however hot in the middle. Go in and make the best of it, as the wasp said to the mouse when he crawled into the bee-hive."

Somehow that last odd sentence had a "stinging" effect on Roger; he entered the shop thoroughly crestfallen.

In the afternoon a lady came into the shop, and having made a number of purchases, said, "May I trouble you to send these to Laburnum Lodge as soon as you can, Mr. Faulkner? I want them particularly."

As usual, out came the burly timepiece from the capacious fob, as Mr. Faulkner replied,—

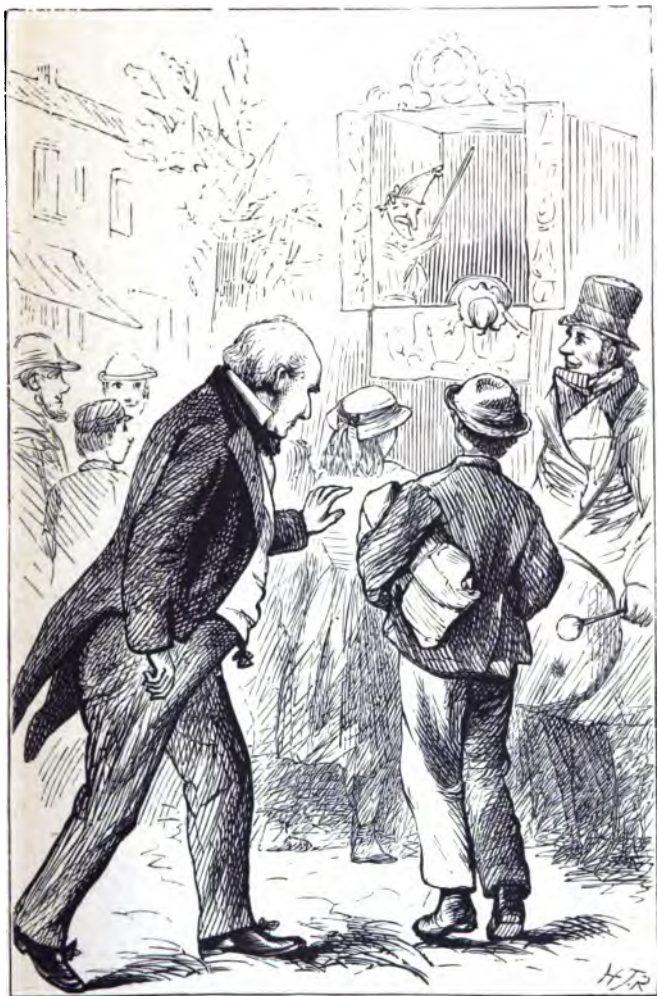
“At Laburnum Lodge, madam, you shall receive them in twenty minutes: at 2.45 sharp.”

The important parcel was entrusted, with some misgivings, to Roger Moore, who bounded off in capital style towards Laburnum Lodge, a pleasant villa on the Ludlow Road. Unfortunately an itinerant Punch and Judy show was exhibiting its unfailing attractions to an eager crowd, and as soon as Roger caught sight of it he ran with still greater speed, resolved to steal a few minutes of such rare enjoyment,—conscious that by another spurt he could still manage to be up to time. Roger forgot that one of Punch’s wonderful talents is to make time double his speed, and that “spurts” are awkward things to trust to; being at the mercy of a chance slip, or a mischievous boy delighted to stop the running, and many another hindrance that isn’t calculated on. Still he might, perhaps, have managed, had things gone smoothly. But, whether by accident or design I cannot tell, Mr. Faulkner happened to

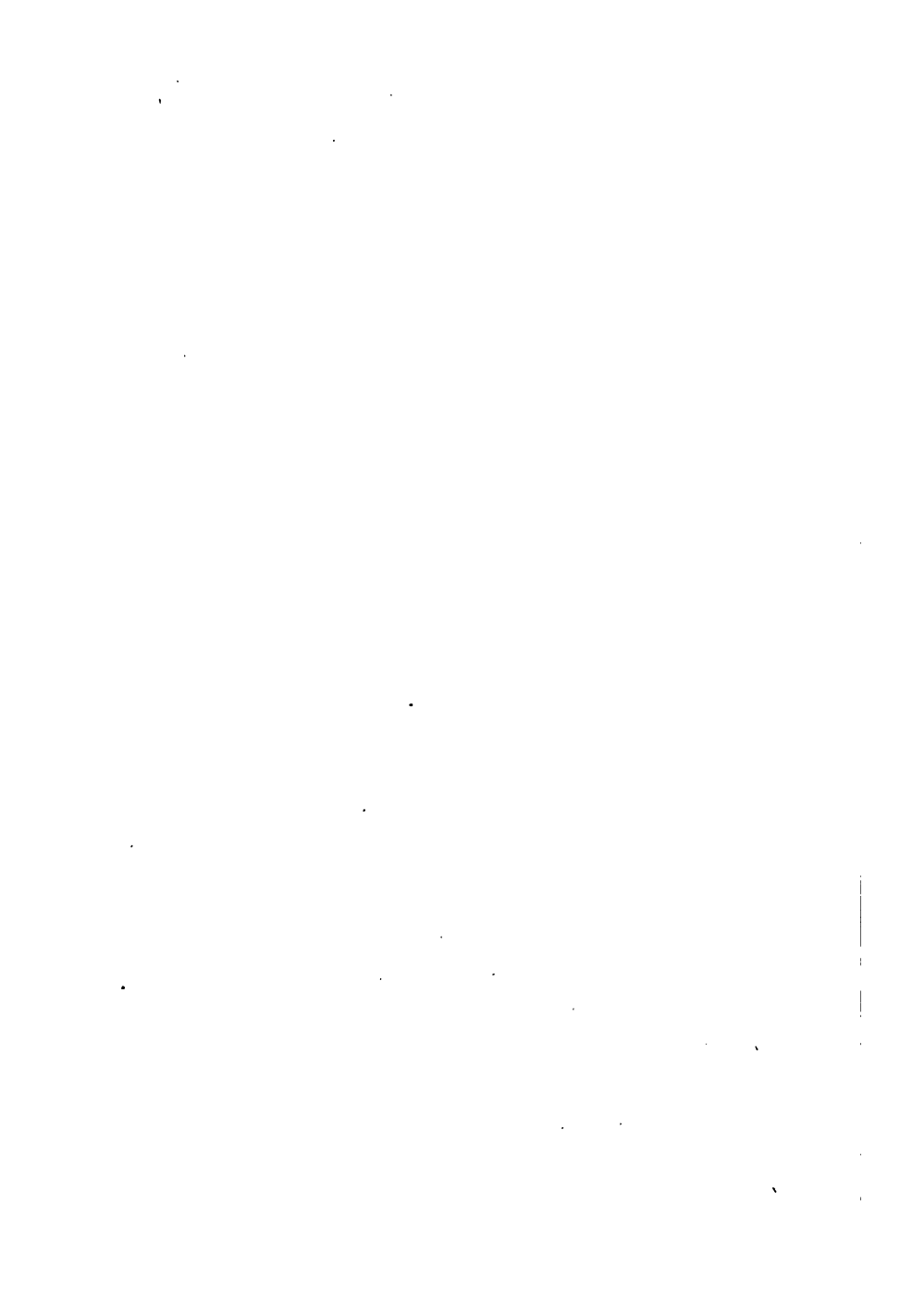
be at the window of an upper storey over the shop, from whence he could see right along the Ludlow Road. He saw the tall, slim temple in which Punch was playing his pranks; he thought in a moment of Roger and the parcel, and thought he saw the white parcel stationary on the outskirts of the crowd. His word, his character, was at stake. Down he ran, through the shop, along the street, his bald head shining in the sun, his swallow-tails flying on the breeze; and rapidly reaching the scene of Roger's temptation, he seized the parcel, bade the boy go back, and hasting to Laburnum Lodge, handed the parcel, in time and in triumph, to the servant who answered to his call. Roger had a bad quarter of an hour until the master's return, but a worse awaited him. Beckoning him into the little office behind the shop, Mr. Faulkner spoke, neither rapidly nor jerkily,—

“Roger Moore, my business goes by clock-work. You are a cogwheel that doesn't fit in. A clogwheel would be the better name. I cannot permit things to get out of gear. You haven't learnt that minutes are money and days are diamonds, and that those who fling





"DOWN HE RAN . . . AND . . . SEIZED THE PARCEL" (p. 60).



them away fling themselves away as well. He who steals my time isn't likely to care for my till. I am sorry to say so, but you need not come again."

So Roger Moore went home to tell his mother of the humiliating dismissal,—a confession that shamed him all the more because he knew that, but for his sad propensity, he might have suited very well. As may be imagined, his mother was greatly grieved, and Roger was full of good resolves for the future. But what are good resolves worth, if grace isn't asked for to carry them into practice? Depend upon it, that

"HE THAT STAYS IN THE VALLEY WILL NEVER GET  
OVER THE HILL."



## CHAPTER V.

"WHERE THE WILL IS READY, THE FEET ARE LIGHT."



YES, that's just it; but where the will is not ready, the feet are as heavy as lead, and get over the ground about as fast as a wooden-legged man can wade through a bog. You may see what I mean

if you will watch an idle boy going to school, and then look out for Master Lazy when he comes back again to dinner. Going, he crawls along the road like a beetle with a bunion on every foot; coming, he bounds along as though he had been made by a watchmaker, and had

a mainspring in the calf of each leg. The fact is, if a boy puts his heart into his work, his work puts heart into him, and he gets more pleasure out of it than Luke Lazybones can get out of all his play, even when he gets Isaac Idleback to help him. You may depend upon it that diligence in duty makes duty a delight; but when Don't Care and Don't Like-it are sent to get the harvest in, not only is there no "song of the reaper," but the corn is spoiled before the sickle's ready.

Now, my young friend Peter Pengelly really wanted to do right, and he did it because it *was* right. For this reason doing right was as pleasant to him as wrong is to some foolish people that I know, who spend half their lives in doing things they are sorry for, and the other half in not doing things they afterwards wish they had. What a world of regrets, and what an ocean of tears, might be saved if folks would only do right, and do it because they love it! That's the way, boys, take my word for it, to be happy as a sandboy all the day long. If you tell me that people can't love it if it isn't their way, I answer, "Very true; but if they will only get upon

their knees and ask God to help them, He will make it their way, and make them to delight in it so much that they will not do wrong though they die for it." Peter Pengelly and his mother never thought of getting on without prayer,—they wouldn't have called that getting on at all; and so, though they had their share of troubles like other people, prayer helped them to bear them bravely, to walk uprightly, and to get through them one after the other, in a way which was wonderful to everybody who didn't understand the secret. Why, a man or a boy who knows really how to pray, and likes it, need not fear anything, because he has God on his side.

Now, Mrs. Pengelly was a very poor woman: she had to work very hard for a very poor living; and if it had not been that Woodville Grammar School was free to such boys as he was, I don't think she could have sent Peter to school at all. Peter wanted sadly to be a good scholar; well, he *was* a good scholar, as you may guess by his studying Euclid; but the pleasant taste of learning he had gotten only made him more than ever eager to learn; and he did learn very fast, I can tell you, be-

cause "Where the will is ready, the feet are light." He dearly loved his mother, and so it was his *will* to please her, and that made his feet light in that direction, too; so that he was active, obedient, and obliging to her all the day long. But though he wanted to be a scholar, he left off going to school, and that of his own accord. Do you know that when a boy wants to do something,—something right, mind you,—and denies himself the pleasure of doing it for the sake of his mother, he's a gem, and a jewel, and a gentleman, and a thousand other good names that I could call him if I had the time. That's just what Peter Pengelly did. He knew how poor his mother was, how hard she worked, and how little money she got by the heavy laundress-work she had to do; and so he was resolved to go to work, and earn his daily bread at any rate, though wages might be more than he could manage.

For some time Peter had been quietly on the look-out for some employment. One day he came running into the house in a state of great excitement, saying,—

"Mother! mother! what do you think? Mr. Kelly, the druggist, says he'll take me

into his shop. I saw a paper in his shop window, which said that he was in want of a respectable boy; so I went in and told him that I wanted a place. He asked me a lot of questions, and then he said, 'Well, my boy, you send your mother to me, and if she's willing, I'll give you the place; at any rate,



I'll take you on trial;' and oh, mother, I *do* want to go."

"Why, what do you want to go for?" said Mrs. Pengelly. "You had far better go to school a little longer, and then——"

"Aye, but I want to earn something. I know I can't get much wages," said Peter, seeing his mother smile, "but I shall get all my meals, and you know, mother, I am a terrible fellow to eat; and you do work so hard to get it that I can't bear you to do it any longer. Besides, I don't intend to give



up learning if I give up school. Mr. Wallace says he'll always help me with my lessons if I'll go to him in the evening. Isn't he kind? and won't it be grand?"

Mrs. Pengelly thought it was kind, and that it would be grand; but if you had seen her just then looking at him with eyes bright with tears of love, you would have seen that she knew of something that was grander still, and that was her own dear and thoughtful boy.

"Mother, you'll be willing, won't you?" said Peter, as he flung his arms around her neck. "I feel sure it's just the thing for me, and it's just what I like."

Mrs. Pengelly was willing. She knew that Mr. Kelly was a kind and good-hearted man, with whom her son would be well cared for; and the mention of Mr. Wallace's kind offer aided her decision; so she said,—

"Very well, Peter. I think you are right. I'll go and see about it in the morning."

Peter flung up his cap and danced across the floor, singing,—

"Hurrah, Peter Pengelly!  
Hurrah! Didn't I tell 'ee!  
Peter, you're a lucky *felly*,  
You are going to Mr. Kelly."

The little German clock upon the wall shone all over its face, wagged its bob-tail, and ticked away with such a will as if it were trying to say right out, "*Peter Plucky, you are lucky.*" But, bless you, it wasn't luck at all; it was truth and goodness getting God's blessing on them, as they always do. There are people who are always talking about their bad luck, who would



be a great deal nearer the mark if they were to lay the blame on their bad conduct, and then set to work to mend; they would soon find that their "*luck*" was mended too. God helps those who help them-

selves; and as both Peter and his mother knew how to work and how to pray, they were always in love with duty, and God's good Providence was always ready to lend them a helping hand. The next morning Mrs. Pengelly and her son called on Mr.

Kelly, the bargain was sealed, and Peter was to have the place. I need not tell you that when Peter took his stand behind the big bottles in the chemist's window, their green, blue, yellow, and crimson glories were not half so bright and beautiful as he was; for he was brimful of hope, running over with delight, and every pulse in his body was beating with desire to do his best, please his master, and rejoice his mother's heart. "Where the will is ready, the feet are light,"—and so Peter went about his duties as if he were made of cork, and had clockwork behind his waistcoat, kept well wound up. On the first morning he made his way to the shop, to be there by seven o'clock, according to orders. He passed an elderly and pleasant-looking old gentleman who was taking down the shutters of his shop. The old man bade Peter a cheery "good morning," which he as cheerily returned, and, having a few minutes to spare, as the old gentleman seemed somewhat too feeble for the work, Peter asked if he might help him, and the offer was thankfully accepted. Peter's foot was on the threshold of his new master just as the big clock in Woodville church

began to boom out the hour : Mr. Kelly was standing in the doorway ready to greet him.

“ Good morning, Peter. I’m glad that you and the clock agree so well together.” Laying his hand on the boy’s shoulder, he said, “ Mark me, my boy : keep friends with the church clock. That steeple’s haunted. There’s a spirit living in that old clock-chamber. I’ve been living in this place for over forty years, and I know all about it. The queer old geni and I are on intimate terms, so I made a sign this morning that my new boy was coming, and that I wanted old *Tempus Fugit*, as the geni is called, to help me to make a man of him. Would you believe it? the chimes answered me almost directly with a new question, ‘ *When will the new boy be coming? When will the new boy be coming?* ’ ‘ Seven o’clock,’ said I ; and as soon as you put your foot on the doorstep the old clock struck the hour, and his weather-worn old face fairly gleamed with delight. Peter, my boy, *keep friends with the clock.* ”

Peter knew pretty well what the druggist was driving at ; but, as you may judge, he was in no great danger of being either careless or



MARK ME, MY BOY: KEEP FRIENDS WITH THE CHURCH CLOCK"  
(p. 72).



unpunctual, because he had got into a better habit than that. That's the point; if only people will keep doing right until it's a habit, they are not likely afterwards to go wrong. So Peter got through the day, and many days, very well indeed, and so three people were all well satisfied. Peter's master said to himself, as he rubbed his hands, "He's one of the right sort; I'll make a man of him." Peter's mother said, "However shall I be thankful enough that my boy is so good and true?" and Peter's self said, "Peter, you've fallen on your feet: take care and keep there." And I think Peter's God said, though nobody could hear Him but Peter, "Well done, good and faithful servant, well done."

Every morning as Peter went to the shop, he saw the old watchmaker taking down his shutters, and he often gave him a little help as he passed, for all which he had a full reward in the warm thanks and pleasant smile of the white-headed old man, who seemed to be as "true as the clock" himself. Mr. Kelly would often say, when Peter arrived, "Well, Peter, what's the clock say this morning?" And Peter would answer with a smile, imitating the

peal of eight bells, "It says, '*Kelly's boy's here to a minute. Kelly's boy's here to a minute.*' "

"That's right," Mr. Kelly would reply; "and I hear him say, '*There's a prize, Peter, go win it.*' "

I wonder what prize he meant. What could *Tempus Fugit*, the geni of the clock-tower, give either to Peter or to anybody else? Wait a little and you'll find it out. You will find out also, that the bald-headed old fellow with the forelock, the hour-glass, scythe, and wings, has got a prize worth having for *you*. All I will say at present is that Peter was quick and attentive, and learnt all he could. He went to Mr. Wallace's nearly every night, and his studies were well kept up. He did not know what it was to lag or loiter. He hadn't a lazy bone in his body. He was as lively as a cricket, and as little likely to be late as a lark to sleep at sunrise. The fact is, boys, Peter's heart was in his duty, because God was in his heart and made him willing to do right, and

"WHERE THE WILL IS READY, THE FEET ARE  
LIGHT."



## CHAPTER VI.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."



YES, but it may be a very bad way, if the will is not under proper control. There are boys—aye, a good many of them, I'm sorry to say—who have got what is called "a will of their own."

Now, I don't mean by that, that they should not know their own mind, or that they should be guided in everything by other people; I mean those who are self-willed and stubborn, and who are fond of saying, "I shall do as I like." They generally do very badly and get what they *don't* like—

which, according to my thinking, serves them right. But where the "will" is right, and God's blessing is asked on it, you will generally find that "a way" opens out before a stout heart who will not be turned aside. Now, that is just where Roger Moore failed. He hadn't any will worth speaking of. Of good intentions he had a wonderful stock, but there wasn't any backbone in them, and they were all weak in the knees. You may just as soon expect a jockey to reach the winning-post on a jelly-fish as that good intentions of that kind will carry anybody anywhere, except into dreamland, or the Fool's Paradise, where Barmecide feasts are fashionable, where hens lay addled eggs, where trees grow phantom fruit, and the only lights are magic lanterns and moonshine. For real, downright, solid, good service, I haven't much opinion of good resolutions. They are as easily made as bubbles, and, alas! are just as easily pricked. One good resolution, now, with a good hearty prayer to God under it like a pair of wings, is likely enough to make something out; but when it comes to making good resolutions by the gross, why, he who pays twopence a bushel

for them wastes his money. Roger Moore kept quite a mill of his own, and he ground his good resolutions out as fast as tunes from a barrel-organ, and with quite as much to show for it, and with no more pleasure to the listeners. After his summary dismissal from the shop of the busy little draper, he had a long spell at doing nothing; for situations are not to be picked up and laid down again at will, and Roger's want of success at Mr. Faulkner's led others to look coolly on his applications, and to repeat that gentleman's words, "I'm afraid you won't suit." Now, of all occupations in this world for breeding mischief and doing damage, there are none to compare with "*doing nothing*." If iron lies idle it will rust, if wood lies idle it will rot, and there's an end of them; but when a boy lies idle, mischievous thoughts get into his brain, wicked wishes get into his heart, and the thoughts and the wishes plot together, until they wag the tongue, move the hands, guide the feet, and not only spoil the boy so that he can hardly be mended again, but make him a nuisance to other people,—aye, and a danger too. "An idle brain is the devil's workshop," says the old proverb, and

he turns out some dreadful work sometimes, I can tell you.

"Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

Boys! whatever you do, get to work. If you are going to school, remember that for the present *that's your business*. When you have done with school, get to *business*. Don't wait about for something "to turn up." Remember that there are a good many evil things waiting about, and if you "turn up" idle they will seize you, enter into you, and ruin you. Boys, would you keep out of mischief? Would you keep out of danger? Would you keep happy and keep right? Then heed my counsel, and *keep at work*.

Yes, for a long time Roger Moore was "doing nothing," and I'm sorry to say that, as usual, that meant "doing ill." Sauntering down the street one day with his hands in his pockets, Roger met a youth about two years older than himself, called Sam Staples.

"'Morning," said Sam, who was quite as much at a loose end as Roger was. "Fine morning for an outing, isn't it?"

"Grand," said Roger, "and no mistake."

"Let's have a stroll as far as Cliffe Woods: there's some capital nutting."

So Roger went off with his companion, and in a little while was filching filberts as coolly as if they were his own. Now Squire Clifford, who owned Cliffe Woods, seldom refused anybody permission to go nutting in his grounds, but he did insist on being asked. "Then," he said, "the nuts will taste all the sweeter, and the fun will be all the merrier, because they are honestly come by; and what isn't worth asking for had better be left alone."

But neither Roger nor Sam Staples felt inclined to go and ask for leave. And why, think you? Because *it was too much trouble*. That's what comes of doing nothing! It's such dreadful hard work, that it takes the pith out of people, and leaves them as limp as a balloon with the gas out. By-and-by they heard the sound of a horse's feet cantering on the loamy path, and in a moment Squire Clifford himself appeared before them!

"Halloa!" said he, sternly, "who are you?" And he took out his pocket-book to write down their names.

I wish you could have seen Roger Moore

just then. Didn't he feel mean, think you? As for his face, you might have thought he had had five minutes in a baker's oven with the door shut.

The culprit answered, in a voice scarcely higher than a whisper, "Roger Moore, sir."

Boys, it's a bad job when either boy or



man is ashamed to repeat his own name. If Roger had been doing right, he would not have hesitated to shout it through a speaking-trumpet. But he had been doing a mean thing, and so

R-o-g-e-r M-o-o-r-e crept through his lips as though he had stolen it, and with it came one of those "good resolutions" of his, that he "wouldn't do it any more." Sam Staples gave his name without any compunction. You see, he had been "doing nothing" longer than Roger, so he had been able to add impudence

to laziness; they generally get married, these two, and have a pestilent family into the bargain. The Squire pointed them to the nearest gate, and rode after them to see them safely off his property,—“for,” said he, “boys that will steal filberts may steal horses; I must look after you.” So saying, the Squire rode off again into the wood.

For some minutes the boys pursued their way in silence—Roger, especially, being little inclined to talk, and hanging his head as though he half expected somebody would hang *him* by-and-by.

“I don’t care for the Squire,” said Sam Staples. “He only took our names to frighten us. He’s had mine a dozen times before;” which showed that he was very far gone indeed. He succeeded in raising Roger’s spirits a little, and by this time they had reached the river side. A little distance across the river was a farmhouse, and Farmer Bowstead’s little boat was tethered to the bank on which they stood.

“Look here!” said Sam Staples: “old Bowstead’s gone to Woodville market; he goes every Wednesday, and leaves his boat

here till he comes back. Market isn't over until five o'clock, and we can have a jolly sail on the river before he wants to cross."

Roger wasn't willing, for the memory of his last fault was still uppermost in his mind.

"No, I won't," he said; "I would rather go home now."

Now, Roger's "No, I won't," was said with some spirit; and if he had had a strong "will" to stick to it, I should have some hope of him, for his "will" would have found "a way" to go home in spite of Sam Staples. But, as I told you before, Roger's good resolutions had no backbone in them.

"Oh, bother!" said Sam Staples; "don't go home yet. You have nothing to do" (no, more's the pity), "and we'll put the boat back as safe as the bank, before Farmer Bowstead comes." At that moment the big clock in Woodville church began to strike. "Hark!" said Sam: "one, two, three! There, you see; there's a good two hours. Let's go to Lytham Reach. We can be back in an hour. Come in!" And loosing the chain, he leaped in and began to get the oars ready.

"No-o, I'd r-a-ther not," said Roger; but



every word was as weak as the mewing of a kitten, and his resolution wobble-wobbled like a humming-top just reeling its last.

“’Pon my honour, we’ll be back in an hour. Jump in. It will be jolly fun.”

Good resolution tumbled into a heap, like a scarecrow with the prop out, and in a few moments they were floating down the river. It was very nice; I cannot deny it. The sun shone brightly, the birds sang gaily, and the early autumn breeze was pleasantly cool. Away they went,



pulling at the oars with a will; and the boat, aided by the receding tide, shot ahead at a capital rate. Lytham Reach was reached, the boat was tethered, and the boys had a fine time of it among the ripe blackberries of Lytham copse. Now, if they had been at all punctual, they might probably have en-

joyed these stolen pleasures without discovery. But they were not punctual. Did you ever know do-nothings who were? While they were tugging at their oars on the return journey,—and it was hard work against the tide,—they heard the big clock boom out, One, two, three, four, *five!* and they were fully a quarter of an hour from the mooring-stake! You see, unpunctuality plays people false all round,—in their pleasures as well as their business, doing right or doing wrong. As they neared the landing-place, a cry broke from the lips of Sam Staples.

“Botheration!” said he; “there’s Old Bowstead, looking as black as thunder!”

Roger jumped to his feet, and leaning forward, swung the frail skiff to one side; Sam Staples fell backward on to his companion, the boat toppled, and our two do-nothings were floundering in the river! Just at that point the Severn was unusually shallow, but it was also unusually muddy, and as the tide was now at ebb, there was a good breadth of deep black mud to struggle through to reach the bank. When they did reach it, they were in a pretty pickle, I can tell you. Sam Staples had left



" THEY WERE IN A PRETTY PICKLE " (p. 86).



his boots in the clay; Roger Moore had trodden his cap in the mire. Both of them were soaked to the skin, and as mud-clad as brick-makers. They were each like a November Guy Fawkes, first ducked in a horsepond and then trailed through a ditch. Farmer Bowstead chuckled till his sides ached. His loud shouts of laughter brought other folks from farm and field to see the sight; and thus our poor crest-fallen time-killers slunk away to their homes, a pitiful and impressive example of the truth of the old proverb that "doing nothing is doing ill." Poor Mrs. Moore had a hard time of it to make her lad look decent again, and, as might be expected, tried hard to get him another place. At last, a tailor and clothier in West Street agreed to take him as an apprentice, though he said the boy was rather too old; and Roger, much against his will, went again behind the counter to learn the mysteries of corduroy, fustian, and broadcloth.

"Where there's a will there's a way," said Peter Pengelly's mother to her son one evening after he had returned from the shop. He

had been talking of the wonderful things to be seen in a druggist's stock, and with a sigh he said, "How I should like to understand it all!" "Where there's a will there's a way," said the little widow, looking fondly at her boy; "and my Peter isn't the boy to shirk a little labour." So Peter Pengelly went on plodding and praying and pegging away. If he had to sweep



the shop, he gave the broom something to do, I can tell you, and let the dust know full well that it had no business there. I've seen a shop, after it had been 'swept' by some Master Lazybones, and you might

fancy that he had first knocked the broom's head off, and then gone poking about the floor with the handle. Peter's shop was clean because there was a "will" as well as two hands at work, and so the dust found a "way" out at the door for good and all. So with his errands. When

Dr. Scruple sent his patients' prescriptions to be made up, Peter had to carry the medicines all over Woodville at one time or other; but he never carried a lotion for some old man's bad leg to somebody else's baby who was needing a dose of soothing syrup. That sort of thing may do for the blundering tribe whose name is "don't care." "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," was Peter's motto; and when a boy talks like that, he *will* do it well, for "where there's a will there's a way."

But the way Peter managed to pick up the names of the drugs was the richest thing. Why, there were some names that were enough to tie a knot on the tongue before you got through them. The various jars, bottles, and drawers had all got little bits of words painted on them—such as "Xy. Bal.," "Sul. Mang.;" but Peter could splice on to the end of them all that was left out, and trundled Xylo Balsamum and Sulphate of Manganese, and all the rest of it, off his tongue, as though he had been living on Latin and Greek ever since he was a baby. "I *will* understand chemistry," said Peter. All right, Peter; it's a hard matter

to understand, and there's a terrible lot of work to get through before you do; but I think you will, because "where there's a will there's a way."

Now, I don't want my young readers to get it into their heads that Peter was anything but a real boy. Not an old head on young shoulders, as folks say; not a mope who had no taste for fun; not a sneak who was simply trying to curry favour with his master and didn't much care how he got it. No, no; he was as lively as a cricket, and I should like to see the boy who could squeeze more jollity out of a good game than he could. Aye, and when he was *on* duty, as well as *off* it, he had a face as bright as the bottles in the druggist's window, and a heart as light as a feather. If you think that work and duty are bound to be unpleasant, you make a grand mistake. Peter Pengelly's happiness lay in his heart. Duty put it there, and diligence kept it warm.

You remember that old gentleman who was always taking his shutters down as Peter passed. His name was Mr. Pearson; he was a watchmaker by trade, and had charge of the big clock, in whose chamber, according to



Mr. Kelly's testimony, old *Tempus Fugit* had his lodgings.

"I wonder who that boy is?" said the old watchmaker one morning, as Peter passed; "he goes tick, tick, like a chronometer. I pull down my shutters and say, 'Good morning,' he puts up his merry face and says, 'Good morning, sir.' And as soon as the blue shine of the big bottle in the druggist's window falls upon his cap, 'boom!' goes the big clock, one, two, three, four, five, six, *seven*, as regular as clockwork. I must have some more talk with him."

Mr. Pearson was a genial old bachelor, and lived all by himself, except for the serving maid and a favourite cat, which used to sit on his knee, and with which he used to talk—"for company," as he said. "Tabby," said he that night, as he sat in his cosy little parlour, "I like the looks of that boy, and he and I are going to have a bit of talk." And then he nodded, as if his words had some deep meaning underneath that the cat could fully appreciate.

The very next day, as Peter was passing the old man's shop, one of his master's shopmen met him, and said, with a sneer, "Well, Master

Punky, you're a sneaking little monkey," and then passed on with a loud laugh at his own wit. You see, if you are determined to do right, you must not expect to have the good word of those who do wrong, because they are sure to say hard things of people whose conduct rebukes their own. Mr. Pearson happened to hear the shopman's remark, so he said,—

"Excuse me, Master Punky: you pass this way so regularly and so true to time, that no watch in my shop can beat you."

"My name is not Punky," said Peter, blushing; "it's Peter Pengelly, sir; and I'm shopboy at Mr. Kelly's."

"Not Punky!" said Mr. Pearson: "then I beg your pardon. I thought I heard that young man call you by that name."

"Oh," said Peter, with a deeper blush, "that's a nickname that the fellows give me in our shop. But I don't mind it a bit."

"No," said Mr. Pearson, "I should think not:—

"A stick or stone may break a bone;  
A nickname can do harm to none."

But Punky is a queer name : whatever do they mean by it ? ”

“ Why,” said Peter, looking into his face with a bright, ingenuous smile, “ I always try to be in the shop exactly at the time ; so they began by calling me Punctual Peter. I suppose they thought that was too long, and so now they call me ‘ Punky,’ for short.”

Neither Peter nor his hearer could help laughing as he said it.

“ Well, well, it’s a very good name indeed,” said Mr. Pearson, entering his shop ; and off ran Peter, like a greyhound, to make up for the few minutes at the watchmaker’s door.

Now I find that I’ve got to the end of my chapter ; and so for the present we must leave my young friend Peter, climbing slowly and surely up to prosperity on the stairs of principle, by the steps of punctuality and perseverance. He’ll reach the top, according to my judgment ; for Peter’s “ will ” is strong and right too, and

“ WHERE THERE’S A WILL THERE’S A WAY.”

## CHAPTER VII.

"GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."



YOU must not think, however, that if a boy sets about doing or getting what he wants, and does it with a will, that therefore God's Providence is certain to give him success. No, no: this wise old

proverb mustn't be read in that way, for it is not true. You see, boys and girls—aye, and men and women too, more's the pity—often take a deal of pains to do or get something that is not right; so they cannot expect any other but that God will either hinder them from getting it, or punish them for having it.

But in that case, remember, they are not really *helping*, but harming, themselves. They are hindering themselves both from being good and happy, for goodness and happiness always go together; and God will never help them to do that, you may depend upon it. But when we are doing right, and trying to keep a good conscience, and then ask God's blessing on what we are about, I am quite sure, not only from what the Bible says, and what good men all round the world and right down the years have said, but from what I have seen and know myself, that God will give His blessing, will open the way for us to do right in, and if it be good for us, will let us succeed in what we undertake.

I say, mind you, if it is good for us; for it may be right enough in itself, and still not be the best thing for us. My little boy asked me one day to lend him my knife. Now, asking me properly was helping himself, as the proverb puts it; and if I had said, "Yes, my boy, here it is," it could not have been wrong for him to take it. But I knew that the knife was very sharp, and that he was very little, and was almost certain to cut his fingers if he had

it; so I said, "No, my boy. You are much better without it." Now, you see, I was *really* helping him, by saving him from harm, though he wasn't exactly pleased, and, like a good many of us, would much rather have had his own way. When you read the proverb at the head of this chapter, try to bear that in mind, and you will find that it is everywhere and always perfectly true.

It means that if we want God's help, we must do our best in what is right, ask Him to give us His blessing, and then, somehow or other, He'll help us all the time. That's how it is that "God helps those who help themselves."

Now, Peter Pengelly had a desire, which was a very good one,—one that he could, and did, ask God's blessing on every day of his life,—and that was, that he might get to be able to support his widowed mother. Peter's love for, and duty to, his mother was one of the grandest things about him, as it is grand in every loving and dutiful son in the world. *I* don't think that such a boy can help being blessed and prosperous wherever you put him. I should as soon expect my jargonelle pear tree to grow

crabs, or my russet apple to grow "deaf" filberts, as that a loving son, who has the inheritance of a mother's blessing and a mother's prayers, should come to grief. Well, I say, Peter was helping himself to do this great, good thing; and I put it to you,—Didn't God help him to be good and true, to be punctual and diligent? Didn't these things win the regard of Mr. Kelly, so that Peter's way was open from errand-running to apprenticeship, and was still open to something higher and better yet? Didn't He touch the heart and guide the head of the old watch-maker?—though I have yet to tell you how that helped him. On the other hand, did Roger Moore help himself when he never studied for the prize? when he idled away his time at Mr. Faulkner's? when he stole the Squire's nuts, and went off with Farmer Bowstead's boat? Is there any wonder that he missed the medal, lost his place, was caught by the Squire, and tumbled into the river? People talk a great deal about their ill-luck and bad fortune, when the truth is, all their troubles are owing to ill-doing and bad conduct. Roger Moore is making poorly out, as we

have seen, because he can't ask God's blessing, and does not try hard enough to do right; but Peter Pengelly, as I told you in the last chapter, is climbing surely upward to honour and success, because he belongs to the "Try" company, and the "Pray" company too, and "God helps those who help themselves."

The acquaintance which Peter had made with the old watchmaker ripened into real friendship. The old man was delighted with the cheery, pleasant, manly fellow who went about his work so bravely and loved his mother so dearly; and in his turn Peter was quite in love with the kind-hearted old bachelor, who was never so well pleased as when he was seated in the cosy sitting-room behind the shop, with his favourite cat on his knee, and Peter Pengelly sitting by his side. Peter had repeatedly noticed that all the clocks and watches in Mr. Pearson's shop, except the tall case-clock which stood plump against the wall and kept the true Greenwich time, were set at *seven* o'clock. He thought it was a very odd whim on the part of the old man, and one night he ventured to ask him why he had



them all with the hour hand pointing at the figure seven. The old gentleman looked very serious a moment or two, and then said,—

“That’s a long story, Peter ; some day I’ll tell you all about it.”

So the time passed on. My young friend continued his visits to Mr. Wallace, read the works on drugs and chemistry which were freely lent him, and as his age was climbing up the teens towards twenty years, he grew in knowledge and in favour with God and man. One Saturday evening the shop was, as usual, closed early, and Peter was seated at the little table poring over his books, as he used to do in his schooldays : that’s poor schooling, mind you, that shuts up all school books when school is left. Peter knew better than that, and was determined to be a student all his life. His mother was, as usual, busy with something, either sewing or knitting, for her fine stalwart son ; and the little German clock on the wall was as lively as ever. Just as that perky little timekeeper struck *seven*, there came a knock at the door ; and when Peter went to open it, a man put a small package in his hand, saying,

"*Tempus Fugit* has sent you this," and went off without another word.

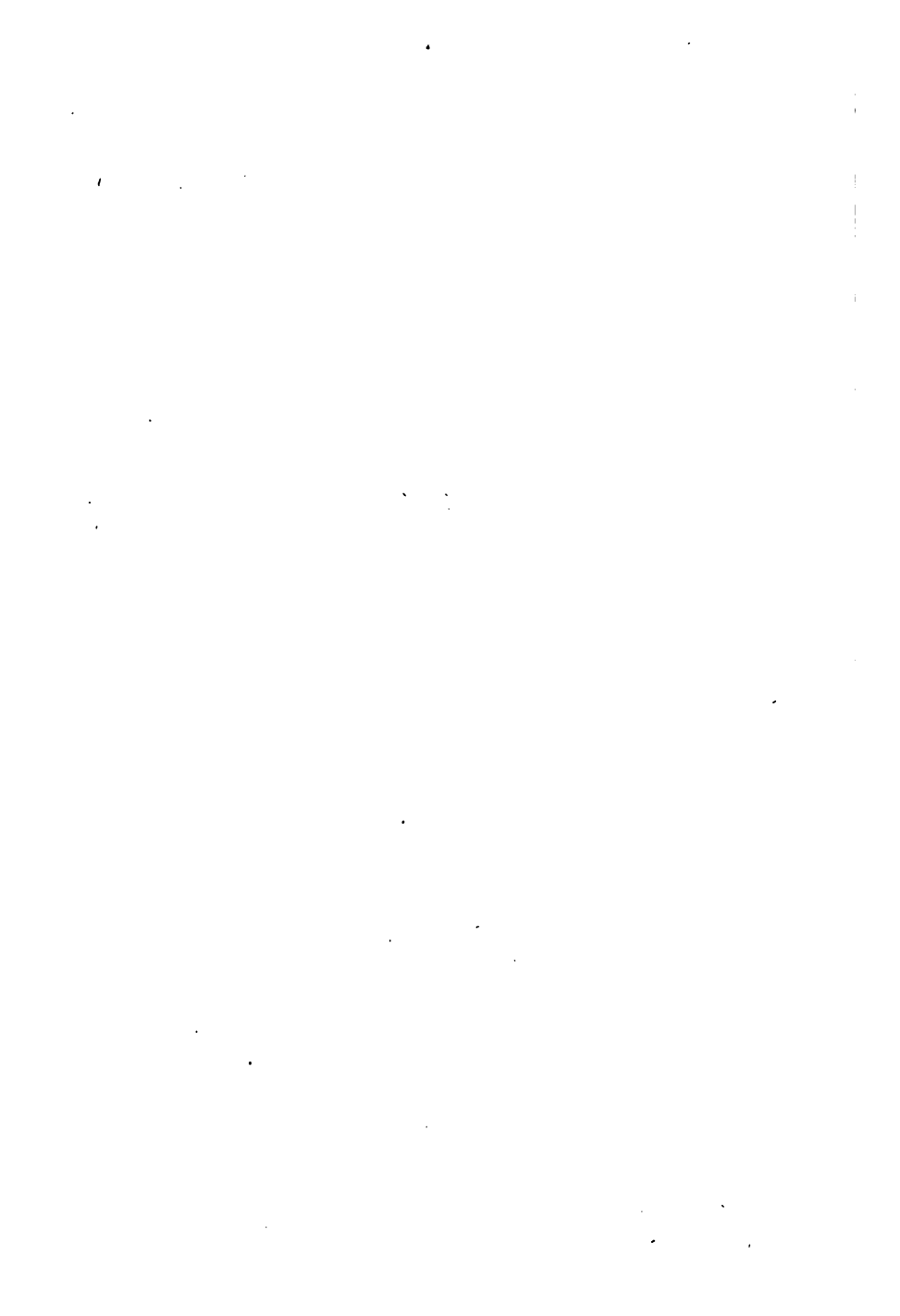
The packet was instantly opened, and two small parcels appeared. On the one was written, "For Punky's mother,"—and when the paper was unwrapped, lo! ten sovereigns gleamed and smiled at them, as if they knew how welcome they would be. The other parcel bore the words, "For Punky," and contained a neat little silver watch, with the hour hand just about *seven* o'clock; and the little thing went ticking away, as who should say, "Punctual Peter's the boy for me." Mother and son exchanged glances of surprise.

"Well, this *is* a go!" said Peter. "Whoever can have done it? 'Punky' makes it look like Mr. Pearson; '*Tempus Fugit*' makes it look like Mr. Kelly; but I can't make out why either of them should have done it."

He might have made it out, boys, if he had remembered that "God helps those who help themselves." The fact was that the old watch-maker had had a long talk with Mr. Kelly, and also with Mr. Wallace, and this was what



"WELL, THIS IS A GO!" SAID PETER (p. 102).



had come of it: aye, and more, as you will find out by-and by. Peter was, as you may imagine, greatly pleased with his newwatch, and on opening the back part of the case he saw a piece of paper neatly folded, and on it some lines of poetry, signed "H. F. W."; and as these were the initials of his good and true friend at the Grammar School, Peter did not feel much difficulty in coming to the conclusion that they had been composed by him. I am not without hope that the lines may be of some use to my young readers, and so here they are:—

A "WATCH"-WORD.

If you please, Master Peter,  
Pray you list to my metre,  
Or, if you prefer it, my rhyme:  
I have something to tell you,—  
If you wish to do well, you  
Must *make the best use of your time.*

Pray, then, hark to my ticking,  
For the sound of my clicking  
May read you a lesson sublime;  
In your age and your youth, too,  
Love both duty and truth, too,  
And *make the best use of your time.*

As your pulses are beating,  
The swift moments are fleeting,  
To waste but a moment 's a crime;

*Peter Pengelly.*

What is fitting and right, too,  
Be quick, with your might do,  
*And make the best use of your time.*

In the day are twelve hours,  
Then put forth all your powers,  
While yet you rejoice in your prime.  
Peter ! up and be doing !  
All your duty pursuing,  
*And make the best use of your time.*

Hoary age is encroaching,  
And his frosts are approaching,  
To silver your forelock with rime ;  
Pray take heed to my tongue, then,  
While as yet you are young, then,  
*And make the best use of your time.*

Ask of God for His favour,  
And your earnest endeavour,  
In any condition or clime,  
Shall aye win you His blessing,  
And *that* succour possessing,  
You'll *make the best use of your time.*

If in all your transactions,  
In your words and your actions,  
Your thoughts and your plans you would chime  
With the will of the Holy,  
With the Meek and the Lowly,  
*Make aye the best use of your time.*

For your "watch"-word, take this, then,  
And Eternity's bliss then,  
With all its enjoyments sublime,  
You shall one day inherit,  
For your God will confer it :  
*Then make the best use of your time.*

I must now ask you to take one more look at Roger Moore. I don't intend to say much about him, because I have so little that is good to say; and the older I get the more I feel that where you can't say any good of people, the less said the better. If you must talk about them, let it be in prayer that God will give them grace to mend. I have told you that Roger had been bound apprentice to a tailor and clothier in High Street. His master, Mr. Brown by name, wasn't likely to trouble Roger much about such matters as being true as the clock. He was not the man to urge him to be punctual and diligent, because he was neither the one nor the other himself. Sometimes his shop was not opened until nearly nine in the morning; now and then he would make a great spurt to "get things put right," as he used to say, and then he would have the shutters down at six o'clock, a couple of hours before anybody would dream of coming near the place. Depend upon it, boys, "spurts," as a rule, are mistakes; sure and steady wins the race; and as for "getting things put right," why, keeping them right is a hundred thousand times better—aye, and a hundred thousand times

easier to do. Then Mr. Brown's orders were never executed by the time they were promised, and of course they seldom fitted very well when they did come, for if a man can't learn to cut out his time well when he has every day to practise in, it is scarcely likely that anything else will be properly cut out, unless it be himself, who is cut out by other tradesmen, and "serve him right." And so it came to pass that Mr. Brown, with useless Roger to help him, and a few lazy shopmen into the bargain, could not make ends meet,—so you see they didn't fit either. In this listless, useless, unimproving fashion Roger spent two years, and had, what he liked, "an easy time of it!"

One morning, as Roger was sweeping out the shop—and he was very late in doing it—a queer-looking fellow came in, and coolly jumped upon the counter, pulled out a short black pipe, and began to smoke, dangling his legs the while against the counter-side, and looking at Roger without saying a word.

"I say, look here!" said Roger, "that won't do, you know; master will be in directly, and he won't like it."

The man put his finger to his nose in a rude



fashion, and said, "Look here! young codger, it don't matter a straw whether he likes it or not; it's all U P with your governor. I expect he's off. There's an execution in the house, and all that's in it, from garret to basement, is under my charge now. I s'pose about the best thing you can do is to cut it, for Mister Brown won't want you any more, you may rely on it."

You see, Mr. Brown had been very indifferent and inattentive, careless and unpunctual. He did not "help him-  
self," and though I have no doubt



in his heart he wished things would mend, and it may be asked God to help him, it was no use: "God helps those who help themselves." He became a bankrupt; and where he went to nobody either knew or cared, except maybe the creditors, who would have been glad to punish him because he

did not pay. You see, further, that Roger Moore was flung back again, and was even worse off than ever; for he was now a tall youth, and almost a man,—in years, I mean, for he was a very long way off being a man in its higher meaning,—and was just about as ignorant of his trade as when he went to it. He knew nothing and cared nothing for self-help, and so he didn't get helped. I tell you again, boys, "God helps those who help themselves."

Now Roger had another long spell at home. Once again he was "at a loose end," as it is called, with nothing to do. This time "doing nothing" got him into worse company than before; and Sam Staples, who had not altered for the better, but for the worse, since he and Roger had their adventure on the river, took him to the beerhouse, which became a place of almost constant resort. He made a few ineffectual attempts to get employment, but people somehow or other fought shy of him, and so he loafed about and idled away his time, and boasted of what he *would* do by-and-by, and didn't care to work at all. His mother, during this period of his career, had

very little influence with him, but one thing she determined: if he was not in before ten o'clock, she would lock him out for the night. Roger managed on the whole to avoid this; but one night, as he sat with some other youths in the publichouse, the time passed away very rapidly, and he saw the hands of the bilious-looking clock in the corner climbing very close to ten o'clock. He threw down a pipe, which, like a simpleton, he was sucking at, although it made his head swim, and rose to go. At that moment a recruiting sergeant entered, with bright ribbons on his cap, a medal on his breast, and a fancy cane in his hand. He was a fine and pleasant-looking fellow, and nothing would do but the company must drink the health of the Queen before they parted. What a stupid thing it is for people to "drink healths" to other people, when at every successive gulp they are drinking themselves *unhealthy*! Roger was a tall, good-looking youth; the sergeant plied him and Sam with beer, talked to them of the freedom, honour and glory of a military life, and just as the clock struck ten, when Roger should have been safely home, the "Queen's shilling" was placed

in his hand, and he had enlisted for a soldier ! In the morning he would have been glad to undo his act of folly. He wished he had gone home in time ; but he never did anything up to time, and now his shocking unpunctuality had come to this ! He was marched, with Sam Staples and some other recruits, out of the town on the road to the Whitchurch barracks ; and just as he turned into the Ludlow Road the chimes of the old clock in St. Dunstan's tower fell upon his ear, and said as plain as bells could speak,—

“ Roger has made a bad bargain.  
Time lost is sure to bring sorrow.”

We shall only see Roger Moore once again, and as that occasion has to do with Peter Pengelly, we must now turn our attention to that young gentleman, and see how he fared in his efforts to win an honourable position for himself and a happy home for his mother. I am not much in doubt about it: are you? Knowing him and his doings as we know them, it is almost safe to prophesy success, especially as we know also that

“ GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.”



THE "QUEEN'S SHILLING" WAS PLACED IN HIS HAND (p. 112).



## CHAPTER VIII.

"SOW TO-DAY AND MOW TO-MORROW."



THAT is all very true. But what shall we mow? If the crop be thistles, it will be a sore harvest both for fingers and for fortune. "A field of weeds much mischief breeds, and 'nothing but

tares will bring nothing but cares.'"

You see it all depends upon the sowing. If that be right, then, whether the seed be golden wheat or golden deeds, the harvest is certain to be golden grain or golden gain. Right to-day brings right to-morrow. Then, though the sowing be done in cloudy weather, the mowing

shall be done in shine. I should as soon expect to see jargonelle pears on a wild crab-tree as expect prosperity and happiness to follow idleness or sin. Boys and girls,—

“Are we sowing seeds of goodness?  
They shall blossom bright ere long.  
Are we sowing seeds of evil?  
They shall ripen into wrong.  
Are we sowing truth and duty?  
They shall bring forth golden grain.  
Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?  
We shall surely mow in pain.

We can never be too careful  
What the seed our hand shall sow ;  
Tares from tares are sure to ripen,  
Wheat from wheat is sure to grow.  
Seeds of good or ill we're sowing,  
As we travel on our way ;  
And a glad or grievous mowing  
Waits us at the harvest-day.”

Peter Pengelly was sowing truth and duty, love and labour, and so God was raising up for him a harvest of friends and a pleasant crop of peace and plenty. I have told you that old Mr. Pearson, the watchmaker, came to think a great deal of him, and to love him dearly. One night that good man was sitting in his cosy little parlour, with no companion except his tabby cat, which sat on his knee, and with which he was engaged in very pleas-



ant conversation. It is true that all the cat contributed to the talk consisted of a series of pleasant purrings as its master stroked its sleek and spotless fur.

"Tabby," said the watchmaker, "that shopman of Mr. Kelly's must have been either a simpleton or something worse. Do you know what he said?"

"Purr-r-r" went the cat, as who should say, "Go on, master."

"Why, he said, 'Well, Mr. Punky, you're a sneaking little monkey,' and all because the lad was true to time, and was trying to be good and true. Why, bless my life! it was an honour to him. Now, Mrs. Tabby, I'll tell you what *I* say."

"Purr-r-r," said Tabby, as plainly as if she meant, "Yes, yes, that's what I want to know."

"Well, *I* say this,—

"Now, Simon Pearson, you know Master Punky,  
And you must go and ask him to let you be his 'Nunky,'  
And if you don't look after him, you will be a donkey.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old man, until his white head shook again, and stroking Tabby so hard that she was compelled to

get up and arch her back and erect her tail beneath the soothing process, purring all the while as if she had got a purring machine inside (which she had) that went by steam (which it didn't), and meaning that her master's wonderful rhymes hit the mark exactly.

Just at that moment, who should knock at



the door but Peter Pengelly? — and giving him a warm welcome, Mr. Pearson drew a chair up to the fireside for his young guest, and said,—

“Peter, my friend, would you be willing, now, to

have me for a Nunky?”

“A Nunky!” said Peter, smiling. “I should be glad to have you for anything; but I don't know what a Nunky is. However, I will say yes right off, for I know you can never be anything but what is kind and good.”

“Do you hear that, Tabby?” said the old gentleman, as pleased as could be. “Do you hear that?”

"Purr-r-r-r," said the cat; and as Peter began to stroke it, she leaped from her owner's knee to his, rubbed her sleek fur against him, curled her tail close to her side, and sat as contentedly there as if he belonged to her as much as her own old master did.

"There! that's Tabby's opinion, you see," said Mr. Pearson, smiling, "and she's generally right. So I am to be your Nunky. And now I'll tell you what it means,—why I want you to call me so; and at the same time it will explain my fancy for having all my clocks and watches set to seven o'clock, about which you asked me some time ago.

#### THE WATCHMAKER'S STORY.

"When I was a very little boy my father and mother died, and left me alone in the world. What would have become of such a poor little orphan I cannot tell, if it had not been for the kindness of my mother's brother. He was a poor man, and had to work hard to get bread for my aunt and her six children. So many hungry mouths took a great deal of filling, and it seemed very hard for him to take another little mouth to feed, as hungry as any

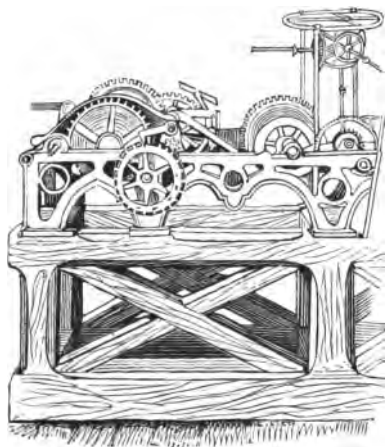
of them; but he said to his wife, 'Seven will be fed as easily as six, when it's right to do it. Feeding the orphan is sowing good seed for the future; and poor little Simon has not a friend in the world besides us.' So I became one of the family, and being a very little fellow, unable to talk plain, I used to call him 'Nunky,' for Uncle; and," said the old man, with strong feeling, "a dear, good Nunky he was to me!

"Well, I lived with them until I was nearly twelve years old. They treated me just the same as if I had been a son; they sent me to school, and clothed and fed me as well as the rest, and I was as happy as a bird in spring-time. I was contented in all things but one: I felt their kindness so much that I was always longing to do something that would show how great was my loving gratitude. But I could do nothing, except being kind and obedient and helping to take care of those of my cousins who were younger than I; and I humbly hope and believe,"—here his voice faltered again,—“I humbly hope and believe that I did my best. Nunky used to be very fond of gathering us children round him when he was off duty, teaching us from the Bible,

telling us stories, and trying to train us to be true and good. Amongst other good things that he impressed on our minds was the value of punctuality. 'What are clocks for but to keep time? and what use is time if it isn't kept? Folks that are true as the clock are true all round.'

"Nunky was the second engineer in a very large factory, which was known far and near as Barkley Mills; and he and his companion used to take turn about on night duty, keeping the fires up and regulating the steam power so that the engine should continue its work sure and steady all through the night. He went on duty on such occasions at five o'clock in the evening, and at seven o'clock he used to let me go to bear him company for an hour or two. This was always a great treat, for in addition to his kindly and pleasant talk, I was never tired of watching the great flywheel whizzing round so fast that the spokes seemed to be one plate of smooth metal, and the enormous beam, with the piston at each end, which rose and fell, first one end and then the other, in the deep well or trough made for it to work in. At one corner of the engine-room was the clock-tower; high up above the ceil-

ing was the great clock, whose face was larger and whose bell was louder even than the clock of Paulton church. It was worked in the old-fashioned way by heavy weights, which moved up and down the clock-tower within a wooden case, that opened into the engine-room—the weights dropping to a still lower level. Sometimes Nunky would take me up the ladder to see the works of the clock, which always interested me, and I soon got to be thoroughly acquainted with every wheel and pinion. It



was this that led me to wish to be a watchmaker. When I was with Nunky in the engine-room, I used to open the closet door and watch the time weight drop inch by inch; and it was fine fun to see the striking-weight come down with a roll and a rumble till the hour was tolled.

“One fine frosty evening in November I said,

as Nunky left the house for night duty, 'I shall be there by seven o'clock, Nunky; and you'll tell me that story about King Alfred, won't you?'

" 'Well, well,' he said, with his pleasant smile, 'be in time, and we'll see about it.'

" I was soon off and playing with other boys in the street; and the fun made time pass very fast, so that when I looked up at the church clock and saw that it only wanted a few minutes to seven, I was very sorry and altogether disinclined to leave my play. I paused for one moment, and then saying, 'No, I'll be in time,' away I bounded to Barkley Mills. Peter! I've been thankful for that decision ever since, and shall be to my dying day.

" As I entered the mill-yard I was glad to see that the clock was not so fast as the church clock, and that it still wanted some minutes to seven o'clock. I bounded up the stone steps into the engine-house, and found that my uncle was not there. I thought he had gone to see to the fires, so I amused myself by looking at a new clasp-knife that Nunky had bought me, and of which I was very proud. Then I opened the clock closet, and while I was watching the clock weight I heard my name called—'Simon!

Simon!’ I looked all around, and thought that Nunky was hiding. ‘Nunky!’ I said, ‘where are you?’ As I passed close by the great beam, moving up and down in its awful strength, I saw that the slight iron guard had given way, and looking into the well I saw my dear Nunky laid crouched up close to the axle of the beam. He dared not stir, for every few moments the beam came right over him, and almost touched him as he lay! I was terrified almost to death! If he moved he would be crushed to pieces! ‘Simon, fetch help!’ he said; and at that moment the big clock boomed out one. I turned suddenly round,—surely God’s goodness put the thought in my head,—and with my new knife, which I had kept in my hand, I ran to the open closet and hacked at the bellrope until the big lump of lead fell with a thump below! The big bell, free of the weight, went bang! bang! bang! bang! enough to wake the town, if the town had been asleep. In a few moments the other engineer, who had been standing talking to a friend in the street, rushed up the steps and saw me standing with my open knife. ‘You young ——’ ‘Hush,’ said I, with a face as pale as death, and trem-



bling all over, 'Uncle's under the beam!' Quick as lightning he went to the handles, and slowly shut off steam. By degrees the machinery moved slower and more slowly, and when the big beam had risen on the side where Nunky lay, it stood still. When he was lifted out, it was seen that he had been much hurt by the fall. He was unable to say how it happened, but thought, as he had not felt well, he must have leaned fainting on the too slender guard, which had given way, and so had fallen into the trough below. As I saw his dear face all cut and bleeding, I cried, 'Nunky! dear Nunky!' and fell into a deep swoon. When I came to myself he was bending over me, and met my look of wonder with the words, 'God bless my boy! He has saved Nunky's life.'



'For a long time he was very ill, and I

made myself his nurse; he often used to take my hand and thank me for my tender care, and"—here again the voice trembled—"I hope and believe I did my best. The effect of the shock upon myself was such that for a long time I could never hear the bell of Barkley Mill without a thrill that made me quiver and turn sick. As time passed, however, things went on again as usual; but Nunky would often say, when seven o'clock was striking, 'Simon's punctuality saved Nunky's life.' The owners of the mill apprenticed me to a watchmaker; but though I left home, I found my way to the old hearthstone as often as I could, and Nunky would greet me with his warmest welcome, and say to his wife, 'Wife, we sowed good seed when Simon came at first; we mow a pleasant harvest now, every time he comes.' He died many, many years ago, and his widow was not long after him. All their children have passed away, and the whole family are in heaven. To the last I loved and cared for them, and made it my joy to aid and comfort them. Every one of them died with a blessing on their lips for Simon, and"—again the voice was broken—"I hope and believe

that I did my best. Now I'm an old man, not sad, though solitary. God has prospered me greatly, as far as this world goes; but as my hair whitens and my back bends, I long to have somebody's love and care. I love you, Peter." Here the old man stood upon his feet, brushed away two furtive tears, and said, "Will you let a lonely old man be your Nunky now?"

Peter's honest, open face was lifted to his friend's. His eyes were filled with tears of real affection, his heart was beating with sympathy; and taking the old man's hands in his, he said, "Yes, dear Nunky, with all it means of honour and of love."

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I must now bring my little story to a close. There is no need to enlarge on Peter Pengelly's after history. You know what seed he sowed: good seed and God's blessing on it. His future must necessarily be bright and good, for

"WHO SOWS TO-DAY SHALL MOW TO-MORROW."

Peter was taken into partnership by Mr. Kelly, who was able to retire from active business in the assurance that his young partner was all that heart could wish, both in energy and fidelity. Old Mr. Pearson lived some years with Peter and his mother. In him they found a kind and cheery companion and friend. In them he found all his heart desired of love and tenderness and care. They called him Nunky to the last, and when the



old man died, he breathed a heart-felt blessing on both son and mother. "What I sowed in youth," he said, "I reap in age;" and then, with a smile of peace and hope, went up to join the loved ones

who had gone before. He left the whole of his savings and stock-in-trade, amounting to several thousand pounds, to Peter Pengelly. The only condition attached to the bequest

was that he should visit the old man's grave at *seven* o'clock in the evening of the anniversaries of his death.

Twenty years afterwards Peter was elected Mayor of Woodville, having also received the honour of knighthood for his services in the cause of philanthropy. He took for his crest a sun-dial, with the shadow at the figure *seven*, and the motto "*Tempus Fugit.*" On the Sunday after his election, Sir Peter went to church with his dear mother, who was now silver-haired and beautiful. Amongst the congregation there sat a delicate-looking and wayworn soldier, with one sleeve of his red jacket fastened, because empty, to a button on his breast. A sergeant discharged and meanly pensioned, Roger Moore once more beheld his quondam schoolfellow and friend.

Just as Peter and his happy mother passed out of the porch on their homeward way, the chimes rang out their melodious burden. "Mother," said Peter, "do you hear what the chimes are saying? Hark! '*God* has blest *Peter Pengelly*!'" "My son," said the old lady, with a happy smile, "do you hear them

give the reason? Hark! '*Peter is good to his mother.*'" No doubt she was right; but it is also right that God had blessed Peter Pengelly, because he was

"TRUE AS THE CLOCK!"





